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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1861.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF SCOTTISH POETRY.*

THERE can be no doubt that the work before us is a valuable contribution to the history of our literature, and goes far to do for Scottish poetry what Bishop Warton's great work has effected for that of England. The lack of such a history of the poetry of Scotland has been long felt; indeed, Warton himself points out the want most strongly, and offers various suggestions as to the manner in which the work should be undertaken. It could hardly have fallen into better or more competent hands than those of Dr. Irving, a man who for more than half a century sedulously devoted himself to the pursuits of literature, and the author or editor of no less than sixteen valuable works. Of these his *Life of Buchanan* and his *Lives of the Scottish Poets* are the best known. The latter work was first published in 1804, and much of the information contained in it has been incorporated in the volume before us. Indeed, in many instances the two works are identical. It is extremely to be regretted that the work under review was not published during the lifetime of its able and indefatigable writer. It appears posthumously, the sheets having been edited by Dr. J. A. Carlyle, a friend of the author. In his "Advertisement" Dr. Carlyle expressly warns the reader not to expect much from his editorial labours; and although we are not disposed to be hypercritical towards the man to whose recommendation it appears we are indebted for the very publication of the work which is the subject of these remarks, still we think Dr. Carlyle was at least bound to see that the spelling of his author conformed to the ordinary rules of English orthography, and to have spared us such vulgar errors in syntax as are exemplified in the sentence (p. 35), "One of the hymns of this Bishop of Rome exhibit a series of rhymes," &c. In favourable contrast to the perfunctory manner in which Dr. Carlyle has discharged his duties as editor, we may mention that Mr. David Laing's "Memoir of Dr. Irving," prefixed to the volume, is remarkable for its rare combination of brevity with completeness, and gives us precisely the information which we desire, generally in vain, in these preliminary biographies.

The opening chapter may be said to divide itself into three branches:—a disquisition on the ancient Scottish language; an inquiry into the sources whence sprang the romances of chivalry; and an elaborate examination of the various theories which have been propounded in regard to the origin and use of rhyme. For the first of these subjects we must refer the reader to the work itself. In regard to the second, Dr. Irving follows in the main the hypothesis of Bishop Percy, according to which the romances of the Middle Ages are deduced in a lineal descent from the historical songs of the ancient Gothic bards and scalds.

"A devoted and respectful attachment to the fair sex, a romantic deference to their opinions and wishes, were but little felt by the most celebrated people of antiquity; nor could the Romans, by the influence of their manners or literature, impart to the conquered provinces a tender elevation of senti-

ment of which they were themselves unconscious." Of the merits of a beautiful mistress or chaste wife we cannot suppose them to have been insensible; but the gallantry of the ancient Romans was very different from the gallantry of the chivalrous ages. After the fall of the Roman empire, new sentiments of devotedness to the softer sex began to be widely diffused; and, as Mallet remarks, these sentiments, so peculiar to the northern nations, could only be diffused by themselves. With this characteristic spirit of gallantry, they are likewise supposed to have conveyed to more southern climates, that appropriate vein of composition which belongs to romance. About the beginning of the tenth century, the Northermen, under the command of Rollo, made a formidable descent upon the coasts of France, and obtained possession of a considerable territory, which was afterwards denominated Normandy. The Scandinavian chiefs were commonly attended by their scalds, and at that period the scaldic art, that is the art of northern poetry, had arrived at a high degree of perfection. It is scarcely to be doubted, although the fact is not recorded in history, that these warriors were accompanied by various scalds, ready to celebrate the achievements of which they themselves were witnesses; and the northern vein of composition seems thus to have been communicated to another climate."

The opinion of Salmasius, adopted by Warburton and illustrated by Warton, that Arabia must be considered the cradle of this species of poetry, is dismissed as untenable, although our author suggests that romance is, after all, sporadic in its nature, and that "excrescences of imagination" seem to be the "spontaneous production of almost every climate."

In regard to rhymes, Dr. Irving quotes with approval the dictum of Goldsmith, that they are but indifferently acquainted with antiquity who imagine rhymes to be a remnant of monkish stupidity. "Rhymes are probably of older date than either the Greek or Latin dactyl or spondee." The Hebrew poets, Homer, Aristophanes, Anacreon, Horace, and Propertius, are all quoted in support of this view. "In the elegiac compositions of the Latin poets rhyme occurs so frequently, and produces so pleasing an effect, that its introduction cannot always be regarded as unintentional," and the instances adduced seem sufficient to establish the justice of Dr. Irving's theory.

The northern nations do not appear to have adopted rhyme at a very early period. A poem composed by Olfrid, a monk of Weissenberg about the year 870, is supposed to be the earliest specimen which we have of rhyming verses written in any of the modern languages of Europe, and it was not until the time of Henry II. that rhyme was generally introduced into English poetry; at least, so says Dr. Irving, on the authority of Tyrwhitt, although there can be no doubt that instances of an earlier date are to be met with.

This portion of the chapter contains a lucid analysis of rhythmical verse, showing wherein it is distinguished from rhyme, on the one hand, and the regular metrical versification of the ancients on the other. For the most extensive specimen of rhythmical poetry of an ancient date, we are indebted to Commodianus, who wrote the *Instructions adversus Gentium Deos* in that style, about the year 270.

Very pleasing is the modesty with which Dr. Irving speaks of the poetical claims of his native land. He tells us that the history of Scottish poetry does not ascend to a very remote era; that it is the poetry of one subdivision of a nation, neither remarkable for its antiquity nor comprehending any considerable extent of population, although he adds, with justice, that "the successful cultivators of Scottish poetry were by no means few in proportion to the number of the people who spoke

the Scottish language." The earliest of these "successful cultivators," with whom Dr. Irving commences his History, is Thomas of Erceuldoune, "a name which Scotland once viewed with reverence scarcely inferior to what Orpheus obtained in Greece." Thomas Learmont of Erceuldoune appears to have been his exact title, while Thomas the Rhymer is the name by which he is best known among the common people of Scotland. He appears to have reached the height of his reputation about the year 1280, when he is said to have predicted the death of Alexander III. His chief fame, however, rests on his being, in the opinion of his countrymen, the writer of the incomparable romance of *Sir Tristram*, the unique manuscript containing which was presented by Alexander Boswell, Lord Auchinleck, to the Advocates' Library in 1744. The writing of the manuscript is said to be of the fourteenth century; the composition is probably of a century earlier; and although we are sorry to discredit Dr. Irving's ascription of the poem to Thomas of Erceuldoune, it is right to state that the manner in which he attempts to account for the numerous English phrases to be met with in the poem, viz. that the copyist was an Englishman, and changed the poem from Scottish into English as he wrote at his task, is absolutely inadmissible. In point of fact, there is no valid ground whatever for attributing to Thomas of Erceuldoune the composition of *Sir Tristram*; still less is there for representing him as the author of the *Geste of King Horn*, as Dr. Irving, relying upon a bold theory of Sir Walter Scott, has done. Having thus warned the reader, we shall, however, proceed with our author's description.

The romance of *Sir Tristram* and *Yseult* was one of the most celebrated in the middle ages; in what language or in what country it first appeared it seems impossible to determine. The exploits of the knight were commemorated in France, Italy, Spain, Germany, and even Greece and Iceland; and after having been circulated throughout Christendom by the minstrels, was at length "extended and modified into a prose romance, written originally in French, and afterwards translated into Spanish and Italian;" while to the modern English reader it is best known from Sir Thomas Malory's compilation of the *Morte d'Arthur*.

"The romance ascribed to Thomas of Erceuldoune is deservedly regarded as a precious relique of early British poetry; it is highly curious as a specimen of language, and not less curious as a specimen of composition. The verses are short, and the stanzas somewhat artificial in their structure; and amid the quaint simplicity of the author's style, we often distinguish a forcible brevity of expression. But his narrative, which has a certain air of originality, is sometimes so abrupt as to seem obscure, and even enigmatical.

"After the exordium of the poem, we are presented with a rapid glance at a war between Duke Morgan and Rouland Rise of Ermonie. Victory having inclined to the side of Rouland, the two chiefs conclude a truce for seven years, and both repair to England, where they visit the court of Mark, King of Cornwall. Here they are courteously entertained, and are entreated to dwell with him in peace. The 'child of Ermonie' appears with the first lustre at a tournament, and gains the affections of Blanche Flour, sister to the king. Having afterwards been wounded in battle, he is favoured with a visit from this princess, who may be supposed to have attended him in a medical capacity; for during the ages of chivalry, ladies of high rank and conspicuous beauty were often distinguished for their skill in physic and surgery. But the practice of these useful arts occasionally exposed their tenderness to dangerous trials; and the early romances, which in this case may easily be imagined to ex-

* *The History of Scottish Poetry*. By David Irving, LL.D., Author of the *Life of Buchanan*, &c. Edited by John Aitken Carlyle, M.D. (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.)

hibit a picture of real life, sometimes trace the origin of a hero to such an interview. The fruit of the princess's visit is a 'knave' child, named Tristrem. Morgan having broken the truce, Rouland takes his departure for Ermonie, and is accompanied by Blanche, to whom he is married on his arrival. In a bloody battle which soon afterwards ensues, he is treacherously slain. The tidings reach Blanche Flour during the pains of childbirth; and having consigned to their faithful vassal Rohant a ring well known to King Mark, she expires immediately after the birth of her son. Morgan now seizes the territories of the deceased chief: Tristrem, under the disguised name of Tramtrist, is educated by Rohant as his own child, and is carefully instructed in all the knightly accomplishments of the time."

In course of time, Tristram, becoming acquainted with the history of his birth, determines to recover his paternal dominions, and having slain Morgan in battle, conveys his lands to Rohant, to be held of him in vassalage. Returning to Cornwall, he finds that kingdom in great distress, by reason of a grievous tribute exacted from it by the King of Ireland. In a terrible encounter he slays Morant, the giant who is sent to demand this tribute, but is himself badly wounded. The wound gangrenes, and the physicians fly from the pestilential atmosphere of their patient. Thus shunned, he embarks on board a vessel with one solitary attendant, and is in time driven to the port of Dublin. The Queen of Ireland is sister to the Knight Morant, whom he had so lately slain. Tristram therefore, resuming his name of Tramtrist, presents himself as a suppliant, with the story that his companions have been murdered and himself wounded by pirates. The Queen, who is skilled in medicine, undertakes his cure; and Tristram in return instructs the beautiful Princess Ysonde, whose delight it is to hear music and "romance to rede aright." On returning to the coast of Cornwall, his commendations of Ysonde's beauty determine his uncle to ask her hand in marriage; and he accordingly dispatches Tristram to negotiate the match. On arriving at Dublin he finds the country in alarm at the ravages of a huge dragon, and learns that the hand of Ysonde has been promised to the man who shall slay or take the monster. He thereupon determines to enter the lists; and, after a desperate encounter, slays the dragon, and having cut out the tongue, places it "in his hose next the hide." The operation of the dragon's poison, however, speedily deprives him of sense and motion. In this state he is discovered by the King's steward, who longs to possess the Princess, and who, having cut off the head, presents it to Ysonde as a trophy of the victory he pretends to have gained. She, however, receives his report with distrust, and accompanies her mother to the scene of action, where they find the real champion.

"Having opened his mouth, they pour 'treacle in that man'; and when he is thus revived, he avers that he is the slayer of the dragon, and confirms his assertion by producing the tongue, offering at the same time to maintain his words against the false steward in single combat. He again pretends to be a merchant, and Ysonde expresses her lively regret that he is not a knight. The queen conducts him to a bath, and the princess begins to recognise the features of her old preceptor Tramtrist: she has the curiosity to examine his sword, and on observing that it has been somewhat mutilated, she compares with the breach the fragment found in her uncle Morant's skull.

"Ysonde to Tristrem yode,
With his sword all drain:
'Morant min em, the gode,
Traitor, thou hast slayn;
Forthi thine hert blode
Sen ich wold ful fain."

The Quen wend sche wer wode,
Sche com with a drink of main,
And lough.
'Nay, moder, nought to layn,
This thef thi brother slough.

"Tristrem this thef is he,
That may he nought for lain:
The pece thou might her se,
That fro min em was drain;
Loke that it so be,
Sett it even again.'
As quik that wold him sle;
Ther Tristrem ful fain,
Soth thing,
In bath that hadden him slain,
No wer it for the King."

The Queen and Ysonde, notwithstanding this discovery, are in time appeased; Tristram appears to have waived his claim to the hand of the Princess, and to have stated the original object of his mission, namely, to demand her in marriage for his uncle, the King of Cornwall; and the preliminaries of the marriage-treaty are at length adjusted.

"When Ysonde embarks for Cornwall, her mother delivers to Brengwain, a female attendant of the princess, a powerful philtre, to be administered to Mark and his bride on the night of their marriage. This love-potion, 'this drink of might,' is a principal ingredient in the residue of the tale; it is represented as the origin of many adventures which ensue, and is no doubt devised as an apology for their gross immorality. The ancient romances may be supposed to display the manners of the ages to which they refer, or at least in which they were composed; and it is an obvious remark that they are not to be studied for lessons of moral purity. The ship having encountered adverse winds, the princess asks for some refreshing draught, and her attendant inadvertently produces the philtre, of which both Ysonde and Tristram partake; the potent drug produces a fatal passion, which they do not hesitate to indulge in its utmost extent. After having lingered two weeks in the strand without hoisting sail, they at length arrive in Cornwall. The royal nuptials are immediately solemnized, but, to prevent any dangerous discoveries, Brengwain is at night substituted for her mistress. Ysonde, conscious of guilt, and apprehensive of being betrayed, has recourse to the cruel expedient of preserving the secret by assassinating her attendant: in pursuance of this plan, she suborns two labourers, who conduct Brengwain to a lonely glen, but are however induced to spare her life on hearing her declare, that her only offence consisted in having accommodated her mistress with a clean smock on her wedding night. On returning to the queen, they repeat this as her dying declaration; and being now deeply impressed with the fidelity of her servant, she swears by the holy cross that her supposed murderers shall be hanged and drawn—for this princess seems to have been alike violent in all propensities, whether of love or hatred. She now hires them to restore the person whom she had so recently hired them to murder; and Brengwain is again admitted to her favour and confidence."

After their arrival at the Court of Cornwall the lovers continue their intimacy for a lengthened period before the King's suspicion is aroused. King Mark, however, at last discovering their guilt, banishes them from his presence.

"They take refuge in a forest, where they spend their days and nights very much to their mutual satisfaction, sheltering themselves in a cavern which in ancient times had been formed by the hands of giants. The chase having one day conducted Mark into this forest, some of his attendants observe the queen and her lover asleep in the cavern, with a naked sword placed between them: the king himself visits the spot, and perceiving a sunbeam shine through a crevice on her lovely countenance, he fills the opening with his glove, and begins to feel his tender heart relent, being persuaded that this separation by the drawn sword is a clear indication of the purity of their intercourse. This worthy king accordingly recalls them from their state of banishment, and they still continue their amorous dalliance. A dwarf having apprised the king of one of their

private meetings, they are beset by Mark and his knights; but Tristrem is so dexterous as to evade their notice, and the queen being found alone, is not yet considered as manifestly guilty. Her paramour does not however venture to make any further experiment of the king's forbearance."

He wanders in quest of adventures, and, after a round of giant-slaying in Spain, renders important services at the Court of the Duke of Bretagne.

"The duke has a daughter, named 'Ysonde with the White Hand'; and Tristrem having composed a song in praise of his mistress, this beautiful damsel, from the identity of the name, is betrayed into an error with regard to the object of his passion. When she communicates to her father this supposed attachment, he offers her in marriage to the valiant knight, who, after some inward reluctance, agrees to the proposal. While they are conducting him to his nuptial chamber, the ring which he had received from the queen at their abrupt separation, suddenly drops from his finger: this incident leads him to reflect on her long and constant attachment, and to determine upon being guilty of no further violation of his fidelity; nor does he experience much difficulty in reconciling his young and simple bride to this resolution."

However, Ganhardin, the brother of Tristrem's wife, having learned from an expression of his sister that the marriage had never been consummated, demands the cause of this neglect. In reply, the knight informs him that since his wife has chosen to disclose their family secrets he is determined to abandon her altogether, and to devote himself to a lady thrice as fair. Instead of receiving this declaration as might have been anticipated, Ganhardin "longeth to see that leudi," and the brothers-in-law take their departure in company for England. They reach a forest, where they are fortunate enough to find the Queen and her faithful attendant. Ysonde determines to pass the night in a pavilion, she is reconciled to Tristram, and Brengwain is betrothed to Ganhardin. After sojourning two nights in the forest they are beset by an armed multitude, and with difficulty make their escape. Tristram at length returns to Bretagne, and is shortly engaged in recovering for a younger knight his "fair and sweet mistress." In the encounter, however, he has the misfortune to be pierced by an arrow in the seat of his former wound: at which point the manuscript abruptly ends.

We do not apprehend that our readers will quarrel with us for epitomizing Dr. Irving's account of this most beautiful of romances, although we have not space to follow him in his review of the other romances he is inclined to ascribe to the same author, among the principal of which are, as we have said, the "Geste of Kyng Horn," and "Thomas off Erseldoune." From the latter, however, we must extract several verses of a highly romantic fairy tale. On a May morning, Thomas is reclining at Huntly Bank, near Eildown Hills, when he suddenly descries a lady of exquisite beauty, mounted on a dapper grey palfrey, and gorgeously attired.—

"Scho led seven grew houndis in a leeshe,
And seven raches by hir thay rone;
Scho bare a horne abowte hir halse,
And vadir hir belte full many a fione.

"Thomas laye and sawe that syghte
Vnder nythe one semly tree;
He sayd, yone is Marye most of myghte,
That bare that child that dyede for mee.

This does not appear to be exactly the equipment with which the Virgin Mary might have been expected to descend to our nether earth. Having ascertained that she is not the queen of heaven, but belongs to a different region, he makes love to her without delay, and certainly without much ceremony; but she declares that if she were to listen to

his solicitations, this sin would destroy all her beauty. His ardour however is not to be repressed, and she is at length induced to alight from her palfrey:—

"Thomas stode wpe in that stede,
And he by helde that lady gude;
Hir hare it hange all over hir hede,
Her eghne semede owie, that are were graye.
"And all the riche clothynge was a waye,
That he by fore sawe in that stede:
Hir a schanke blake, hir other graye,
And all hir body lyke the lede. . . .
"Then sayd Thomas, alas! alas!
In faythe this es a dullfull syghte:
How arte thou fadyde thus in the face,
That schame by fore alle the sonne so bryght!
"Scho sayd, Thomas, take leve at sone and mone,
And als at lefte that greves on tree;
This twelmoneth sall thu with me gone,
And medill erthe thu sall non see."

After reviewing three other Scottish romances of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, "Gawen and Gologras," "Galaran of Galloway," and the "Pystyl of Swete Susan," Dr. Irving proceeds to the contemporary, "and in some respects the rival of Chaucer," John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, who died in 1396, at the age of eighty. The following noble passage, from Barbour's great work "The Bruce," reminds one strangely enough of similar workings in the mind of Scotland's last great poet, Robert Burns:—

"A! fredome is a noble thing!
Fredome mayes man to half liking;
Fredome all solace to man gifis:
He levys at ess that freely levys!
A noble hart may half name ess,
Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
Gyff fredome faillyhe; for fre liking
Is yharyst our all othir thing.
Na he, that ay has levyst fre,
Nay nocht knaw weill the propriyte,
The angr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thryldome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Then all perquer he suld it wyt,
And suld think fredome mar to prysse,
Than all the gold in world that is."

Dr. Irving supplements his history of the venerable Archdeacon of Aberdeen with that of another contemporary ecclesiastic, Andrew Wintoun. Into his "Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland" we cannot here enter, and indeed its value is quite as much historical as literary. Next follows a royal poet, King James I., whose principal literary performances are "The King's Quair," written during his long captivity in England, and the yet more popular "Christis Kirk of the Grene." "The King's Quair" is supposed to exist only in a single manuscript, formerly belonging to Selden, and now in the Bodleian Library. The following lines will serve to convey an idea of the beauty of language as well as the delicacy of poetical feeling of the royal composer:—

"O very goste, that errest to and fro,
Why nylt thou flyen out of the wofullest
Body that euer might on grounde go?
O soule, larkyn in this wofull neste,
Fly forthout myn herte, and it breste.
"O besy goste, ay flickering to and fro,
That neuer act in quiet nor in reste,
Till thou cum to that place that thou came fro,
Quilich is thy first and verray proper rest."

An account of the anonymous "Battle of Harlaw," written at the commencement of the fifteenth century, and of the productions of "Blind Harry," more respectfully called Henry the Minstrel, occupy a couple of chapters of Dr. Irving's History. Chapter IX. is devoted to smaller poets, "many of whom are only known by name," Robert Henryson, schoolmaster of Dunfermline, and who flourished during the latter part of the fifteenth century, has a chapter to himself. His principal work is a collection of Fables, thirteen in number.

Chapter XI. is occupied with the history of "the greatest name that adorns our poetical annals during the reign of James IV., William

Dunbar, who is indeed regarded as the most eminent of all the early Scottish poets." In his youth he appears to have been a novice of the Order of St. Francis, and to have afterwards sought for clerical preferment at Court, which, however, he did not obtain. Whether his advancement was retarded by his own imprudence, Dr. Irving tells us can only be conjectured.

"The clergy of that age do not appear to have been generally promoted for their piety or learning; and so very moderate was the ordinary standard of external decency, that it must only have been the most gross and flagrant profligacy that could operate as a disqualification for preferment. It must however be acknowledged that some of his strains are highly reprehensible; his compositions are occasionally tinged with expressions which we cannot but regard as grossly indecent and profane; one of his addresses to the queen is such as might offend a modern courtesan; the more solemn observances of the church he has converted into topics of ridicule; the litanies are burlesqued in a parody which is not easily to be paralleled for its profanity."

The most striking proofs of his poetical genius are to be found in his two allegories, "The Thistle and the Rose," composed in celebration of the nuptials of James IV. and Margaret Tudor, and the "Golden Terge," the object of which poem is to demonstrate the general ascendancy of love over reason; the golden terge, or shield of reason, being found an insufficient protection against the assaults of the train of love. His tale of "The Twa Maryit Wemen and the Wedo" contains the only specimen of blank verse which the ancient Scottish language affords." As affording a striking example of the alliterative form of composition distinctive of Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic poetry, and likewise as a specimen of the "strong-minded woman" of that day, we quote the following stanzas, in which one of the "maryit wemen" breathes her wishes:—

"Chenyis ay ar to eschew, and changes are swelt,
Sic cursit chance till eschew had I my chos anls,
Out of the chenyis of ane churle I chulp suld for ever.
God gif matrimony were made to mell for ane yeir!
It war but monstrous to be mair, bot gif our mindis plesit.
It is again the law of luff, of kynd, and of nature,
Togidder hartis to strenge, that stryvis with uthir.
Birdis hes ane better law na bernis be mekill,
That ilk yeir, with new joy, joyis ane malk,
And fangis thame ane fresche feyr, unfayrelyt and constant,
And lattis thair ankert feyris fle quhair thair ples.
Chryst gif sic ane consuetude war in this erth holdin!
Than weill war us wemen, that ever we may be fre,
We suld have feiris as fresche to fang quhen we wald,
And gif all larraris thair leveis quhan thair lak corage.
Myself suld be full semle with sikis arrayit;
Gymp, jolle and gent, richt joyous and gentryce,
I suld at fairis be found, new facis to spy;
At playis, and preichings, and pilgrimages greit,
To schaw my renoun royaly, quhair preis was of folk,
To manifest my makkome to multitude of pepill,
And blaw my bewtie on breid, quhair bernis war mony,
That I might cheis, and be chosin, and change quhen me lykit."

Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and a son of the great Earl of Angus, surnamed *Bell-the-Cat*, is the next writer recorded by Dr. Irving. He was born in 1474. His translation of the *Aeneid* is condemned by Dr. Irving, on the ground of certain affectations in modernizing the notions of his original, but he speaks with the highest commendation of his two allegorical poems, "The Palace of Honour" and "King Hart." The beautiful poem, entitled "The Flowers of the Forest," sometimes attributed to Douglas, is rejected by Dr. Irving as being decidedly too modern for his century, and probably written some two hundred years after it. We must pass by without notice John Bellenden and James Inglis, Abbot of Culross, who lived at a period fertile in Scottish verse. Sir David Lindsay, born at the very close of the fifteenth century, devoted much of his poetical talent to the castigation

of the lust and luxury of the priesthood; "Kittie's Confession," and "The Testament and Complaynt of our Sovereane Lordis Papingo," are written with this intention. His most remarkable work is his "Satyre of the Three Estatis," which is the earliest specimen extant of the genuine Scottish drama. It is said to have been acted at Cupar in 1535, and may be best described as a *morality*, containing a mixture of real and allegorical characters. Sir Richard Maitland, Alexander Scott, Alexander Arbuthnot, and Robert Semple, may be said to complete the roll of genuine Scottish poetry, for from the close of James VI.'s reign to the early part of the eighteenth century, at which our author's work terminates, Scotland can show little worthy of notice. In one respect only have we been greatly disappointed in the work before us, and that is in the very meagre history it contains of the Scottish drama. There is scarcely any point in the entire literary history of Scotland more full of interest than this; and here, where, from the tastes and studies of our author, we should have expected to find a just appreciation of the importance of the subject and a fulness of detail in its illustration, our anticipations have been belied. We say this, however, with no wish to forget that in a work of extended research, such as this of Dr. Irving's, any minor omission must, in common fairness, be looked upon rather as a subject of regret, than as a ground of blame.

PRO CAUSA ITALICA.*

A PAMPHLET with the above title, issued within the last few days from the well-known Florentine press of Signor Lemonnier, has made a very great sensation in Italy; and there are many circumstances attending the publication which render the phenomenon a curious and interesting one. The author is the well-known Jesuit, Father Passaglia, one of the most learned theologians in Italy, and, at all events till recently, enjoying great influence with the Pope, and a high reputation at Rome. No attempt whatever was made to conceal the author's name, although for modesty's sake, as the learned author is said to have declared, the little work has appeared anonymously. But as the name of Father Passaglia to such a title-page was quite sure to sell the work extensively, and as the publisher was not called upon to be modest on the subject, the authorship was quite as well known from the moment of publication as if it had been declared in the title-page.

As may be gathered from the title, the pamphlet is in Latin; and the use of that language in a discussion at the present day, is in itself enough to make the publication a curiosity in modern political controversy. The meaning of this learned garb is, that the author would affect to be uttering a "*concio ad cle-rum*," not intending it to reach the outside *profanum vulgus*. And of course the vulgar thus excluded are much more anxious to get at the contents of the Jesuit's pages than they would have been if this wrapping had not been thrown around them. A translation accordingly has been announced to appear almost immediately.

The Latin, in which the learned theologian clothes his ideas, may be stated at once to be of a quality calculated to set the teeth on edge, and make the hair stand on end, of any Wykehamist or Etonian above the fourth form. Not only is the barbarism of it strongly contrasted

* *Pro Causa Italica; ad Episcopos Catholicos. Auctore Presbytero Catholico. (Florentia.)*

with the purity of St. Augustine's Latin diction, copious extracts from which help to swell the modern churchman's pages, and which no Italian of the present day could be expected to rival; but even St. Bernard becomes classical by the side of Father Passaglia.

This aspect of the matter, however, will attract small attention from those to whom the book is addressed. It is possible to come to an understanding of the author's meaning; and it is that meaning which is spreading consternation among the brethren of his cloth, and delighted astonishment among their opponents. The points on which the learned Jesuit insists, and the conclusions at which he arrives, we will briefly state. There is nothing new to our readers in either the facts or the arguments. But it is a portentous novelty to hear them set forth by such a champion. There is some novelty, too, in this nineteenth century, in the method followed by the Jesuit to reach his conclusions; it is exclusively that of orthodox Catholic authority. There is some curiosity in seeing the sentiments common among the liberal speakers of young men's debating societies and mechanics' discussion clubs supported in the words and by the authority of St. Augustine and St. Bernard; something interesting in finding that "the Papal question" has made no progress, in fact, for the last thousand years, but has only come round again to the point at which it stood so many centuries ago. This indisputable, unattackable orthodoxy constitutes the cruelty and danger of the blow aimed by the Jesuit writer at Mother Church in her trouble. She may cry "*Et tu, Brute!*" but it is impossible for her to deny that her new assailant is her own son, and that he has ever been hitherto not only a dutiful, but a deservedly favoured and most zealous champion. None other than this same Jesuit Passaglia was it who defined and "proved" triumphantly, in three very learned volumes, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, recently, as we all know, adopted as an article of faith by the Church, and authoritatively promulgated by the present Pope. When the liberal party extol, as they are doing, the admirable cogency of the logic with which Father Passaglia "proves" his new thesis, "*nous autres*" cannot help feeling that our welcome of the new champion is a little cooled by the recollection that this same "cogent logic" of his was equally successful in proving the immaculate conception of the Virgin. But we do not want arguments or logic from Father Passaglia on the subject: we will supply ourselves with them from other sources. From him we are contented to accept the unexpected, and though perhaps unnecessary yet not unwelcome alliance, of orthodoxy and authority.

Father Passaglia begins by asserting—proving, as he goes, by excerpts from Fathers and Confessors—that Pope and Bishops and Priests do not constitute the Church; but that the people, also, are necessary to the ideas and theory of one. Unaided by such authority, we are able to reach the conviction that the flock is necessary to various essentials of the pastoral office. And the Jesuit proceeds to show, undeniably enough, that in Italy bishops and people are very rapidly travelling in opposite directions; that they will shortly, unless one or the other party change their route, be finally and irremediably separated! And then where shall we be? He proceeds to point out, at somewhat unnecessary length, that the union of almost all Italy "*eorum venire factorum numero, quæ expleta consummataque dici consueverant*,"—that it is an accomplished fact. Whose image and superscription, he asks,

is found on the Italian coin?—"Eadem erit omnium responsio, Victorii Emmanuelis Italiae regis superscriptione numismata obsignari."

And this being the case, what ought to be the rule and conduct of the Church? Clearly, answers the Jesuit, to accept the authority *de facto*, in no wise meddling with any consideration or controversy respecting the question *de jure*; the latter being matter appertaining to the politics and passions of this world, with which Churchmen and Church authority have not to concern themselves. "But have the Bishops of Italy observed this rule? And, what is of much more importance, has Pius the Ninth, whom we venerate in the chair of St. Peter, kept it? Adhæreat lingua mea faucibus meis, potius quam in christos Domini prociac effundatur."

Nevertheless St. Augustine says, *Diligam homines; interficiam errores*. And, as the learned writer proceeds,—“And they (the errors) will be overturned without any trouble at all, if we will thoughtfully consider the luminous facts of ecclesiastical history;”—how Ambrose acted with regard with Maximus; or Augustine with regard to Count Boniface; or Gregorius cognomento Magnus with regard to Phocas. And the well-informed writer proceeds at considerable length, and with much complacency, to show that in this latter case no amount of horrible atrocity stood in the way to prevent the Church from recognizing power, where power was, and assenting to it so readily, that the same Gregorius cognomento Magnus instantly ordered the image of the monster Phocas to be put in the oratory of St. Caesarius the Martyr, in the palace, and with his own holy hand wrote to assure him of his rejoicing, that "the benignity of your piety has been raised to the imperial greatness." "*Lætetur cali, exultet terra*," the holy Father continued to this blood-stained wretch, "*et de vestris benignis actibus*" (the cold-blooded murder of the Emperor Mauritius and his five sons, and his brother, and their followers) "*universæ reipublicæ populus hilarescat*."

Here, argues our Jesuit with the same irresistible logic which set the Immaculate Conception question at rest for ever,—here is the true rule for the Church. And what Gregory the Great did for Phocas, Pius IX. need not scruple to do for Victor Emmanuel! Surely, after this, the first result of an Italian statute of *preminire* must be to make Father Passaglia an archbishop!

But to make his complimentary parallel between the Emperor Phocas and Victor, Emmanuel more complete, he adds, "From all which ought not to be separated those words which Gregory wrote to the same Phocas in his forty-fifth Epistle, that it is right to consider, with great joy and thanksgiving, what infinite thanks we owe to God, FOR THAT THE YOKE OF SORROW HAVING BEEN REMOVED FROM US, WE HAVE REACHED TIMES OF LIBERTY UNDER THE PIOUS RULE OF YOUR BENIGNITY:" the last phrase being printed thus by Father Passaglia in capitals, to mark its applicability to the present case.

The latter part of the Father's work is occupied with arguments, or rather with citations, to prove that the temporal power is injurious to religion and the real interests of the Church, and that it must be abandoned. As for the Papal oaths, the Jesuit theologian is very little embarrassed by them. They were meant in a different sense and for a different purpose. The times and conditions are changed. It is not in his power physically to keep his oath. Ought he to keep, to the detriment of the Church, oaths framed with a view to its

advantage? &c. &c. So that, in short, "*facile decernemus Romanum Pontificem Pium IX. in ea rerum adjunctorumque conditione versari ut quocumque tandem modo nuncupata ab eo iuramenta amplificentur, nullo ipse teneatur officio ad id exsequendum quod promisit*."

This little difficulty having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, the writer goes over the long list of embarrassments and disabilities under which the Church is labouring, and finally concludes:—

"Behold the advantages which spring from the civil power! Behold the liberty engendered by it! Behold too the facilities for the discharge of our apostolic functions, of which it is the cause and fruitful source! Indeed, if ever the condition of the times and of human society seemed to require the connection between the pontificate and the civil power, the face of public and private affairs is now so changed that nothing could be more desirable for the Pontiff himself than that the sceptre should be separated from the keys,—the sacerdotal tiara from the royal diadem. This separation with one voice demand all those who are compelled by foreign arms to remain unwilling and reluctant subjects of the pontifical rule; this with one voice all the people of Italy demand, who can no longer tolerate that their established kingdom should be deprived of its capital; for this same all the more civilized nations of Europe with one voice cry out; for they are well persuaded that only evil, and that of the most dangerous kind, can arise to religion and the Pontiff from the civil power. This separation is required by all those dangers which cannot be averted from the Church and from civil society, unless the Pontiff will incline his mind to counsels of peace and concord. This separation is needed by the office of the supreme shepherd, which ought to be concerned wholly about the welfare of the flock. Human and divine laws alike demand it; and the latter leave us no alternative but to address Pius IX. in the same words which the African bishops addressed to Innocent I.: 'Inasmuch as the Lord hath by his special grace placed thee in the Apostolic seat, and hath given thee, such as thou art, to our times, so that we should incur the fault of negligence were we silent before your Holiness as to these things which should be suggested for the good of the Church, rather than that it should be possible for thee to receive such suggestions with displeasure or neglect, we pray that thou wouldst deign to use pastoral diligence for the remedy of the great dangers of the infirm members of Christ's church.'

With which words Father Passaglia concludes his very remarkable work.

It is unnecessary to say anything of the effect which has been produced throughout Italy by this unexpected broadside opened against the great enemy of Italian hopes and destinies; unexpected alike by friend or foe. Our readers will be able to imagine for themselves the amazement, the dismay, the rejoicing, the talk, the rage too deep for words of the ecclesiastical party. To us the main significance of the little book is as a sign of the times. We all can read the omen, when the rats are seen sneaking out of a house. Can it be more difficult to comprehend the significance of the phenomenon, when Jesuits are seen deserting the Papacy in its distress?

THE SILVER CORD.

MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS is a conspicuous instance of the great failures into which a man may be led by small successes. Just as poor Jullien, because he had written some good quadrilles, tried his hand at an opera, Mr. Shirley Brooks, on the strength of some smart newspaper articles, has sought fame as a no-

* *The Silver Cord; a Story.* By Shirley Brooks, author of *Aspen Court, The Gordian Knot, &c.* (Bradbury and Evans.)

velist. This, his latest production, must confirm the decision at which many people had arrived from his earlier ones, that he is utterly incapable of a sustained flight. For ten months has *The Silver Cord* been in course of publication in the pages of *Once a Week*; and now that it makes its appearance in a three-volume shape, and we are called upon to judge it as a whole, its occasional cleverness cannot arrest our verdict that it is an unequivocal failure.

Of one disadvantage, the marks of which it bears on its face, the author seems to be aware, when he intimates in the preface that he will never again bring out another tale in a serial form. The general fault of stories thus written and published is their inconsistency. Some improvement in the plot strikes the writer, and then, when the first chapters cannot be recalled or rewritten, the originally prominent characters have to be thrust into the background, and the originally important incidents have to be divested of their significance. From this blemish—a blemish which mars more than one novel of Dickens's—*The Silver Cord* is by no means free. Its author, too, betrays a most wearisome fondness for inserting, at the termination of each number, something of the nature of a "sensation paragraph." It has been said of the disciples of Pope and the writers of prize poems, that they endeavoured to have a kind of crisis at the end of every second line. Quite as tiring is it to read a book in which there must be continual breaks just as a secret is about to be told, or a murder about to be perpetrated. It is one of those clapping tricks the repetition of which is almost irritating.

We abstain from an analysis, in the first place, because the book is probably known to many of our readers; in the second, because of the marvellously complicated character of its plot. This latter was of course inherent in the primary conception of the story. Three sisters, all with husbands, necessitate a certain rambling tone about the story. Then, perhaps it is an expedient not to be despised for luring the reader on, suddenly to whisk him off to Maida Hill when he wants to know the progress of events in Paris. But it is open to the complaint that after a time the reader grows very tired of following out distinct lines of narrative, and that in the end he will probably run them together in a confused conglomeration. This is our first objection to *The Silver Cord*. It does not leave—as any of Scott's novels do, for example—a clear, sharply-defined impression on the mind, which makes it see at once the object of every portion of the work and its necessary connection with the main plot.

But there are more fatal defects in the volumes before us. We are constrained to pronounce them a great deal too long, and in parts horribly dull. Many an old comedy has gained wonderfully in point, vigour, and interest by being cut down from five acts to three. It is a pity *The Silver Cord* cannot in like manner be condensed into a single volume. Even then we doubt if we should lose the heavy portions, for it is a good test of the cleverness and the weakness of Mr. Shirley Brooks that the best scenes—those, for example, between Ernest Adair and the barber Silvain—are precisely those which are connected by the slightest thread with the whole narrative. They are, in fact, good magazine sketches interpolated into a bad story. For, we repeat it, the story is tiresome, and drags most shockingly in many parts. All the portions in which Arthur Lygon takes a share are provocative of yawning unlimited. A little start is made by the story about the middle of the second volume, in the

chapters which describe and immediately succeed the revelation to Robert Urquhart of his wife's baseness. But when we are once more involved in the intricacies of the French police bureau, the interest again flags. We are not in contact with persons who excite any feeling, or among scenes which possess any reality. It may be all very accurate and true to life—the sort of life which it depicts. But then the life of French spies is so utterly alien from all that most of us know anything about, that we might as well be perusing an account of the sayings and doings of the dwellers in the planet Saturn.

Again, as we have hinted, the book shows some afterthoughts. There is here and there a loose thread left dangling. Thus there is a hint never carried out, never contradicted, that Robert Urquhart was all the time aware of his own dishonour; and yet this is a point on which the estimate of his character must turn. Then there is a mysterious mechanic, who was manifestly intended to be the avenger of Urquhart and the slayer of Adair, but who drops out of the narrative altogether. Not to dwell on other windings and incongruities, the capital incident of the book—Laura's journey to France—is never wholly cleared up. The journey, we are told (in the scene on board the steamer for instance), is compelled by Ernest Adair; but of what possible advantage can it be to him to drag Laura to France we are never informed? On the contrary, his obvious resource would have been to wring money from her in London and her sister in Paris, by the use of the secrets concerning both, which were in his possession. Laura's flight from home serves no purpose of Adair's, and sets the two sisters conjointly endeavouring to out-general him.

Mr. Shirley Brooks takes some credit to himself in the preface for the amount of dialogue which his book contains, but we must think that the heaviness of his story is in great measure to be attributed to this theory. It is very difficult, no doubt, to tell a story by means of dialogue, but it is ten times more difficult to read when it is written. Strange it certainly appears that far less natural forms of narrative should possess far greater interest. We know, for example, that no one ever kept such a diary as Miss Halcombe's, yet how much more vivid and how much more real are the events told by that means in *The Woman in White*, than those which the conversations in *The Silver Cord* set before us! The fact is, that reading dialogue keeps the mind uncomfortably on the stretch. One is continually fidgeting oneself to think who is speaking, how much does he know, what is his object, and the like. As an illustration of what we mean, we should say that very few of the general run of people—those, we mean, of average intelligence and education—read many plays. Shakspeare, perhaps, they have perused, though not so certainly enjoyed; but even the wittiest of the other dramatists repel them, as we believe, on account of the effort of following written dialogue. Ask the first half-dozen young ladies you meet—and young ladies must be the great type of reading for amusement—and the chances are, that not one of them has read *The Rivals*.

Many a bad plot has been redeemed by the cleverness of its individual characters. Such a plea, however, cannot be adduced for *The Silver Cord*. There is no single conception of marked originality in the whole book. Ernest Adair is a very ordinary villain, and Mrs. Berry is quite the conventional style of hypocrite—somewhat coarsely drawn withal. A novelist who cannot make his bad people interesting

must be fearfully insipid with his good ones. Arthur Lygon, who is in some sort the hero, only recalls Jeffrey's description of De Wilton in *Marmion*: "a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without onion-sauce." Charles Hawkesley promises better, but he soon grows as vapid and tiresome as his relations and friends. The same may be said of Aventayle, the manager; in reference to whom we may remark that the theatrical part of the story is all but a reproduction of a portion of *Aspen Court*—a work which Mr. Shirley Brooks may not unjustifiably suppose to be generally forgotten. The high-minded sister with dark hair, set off by contrast with the feeble ditto with light ditto, is too stale a device to be very effective; nor can we believe very intensely in the lady's maid, Henderson, who talks in balanced epigrams, or the rigidly religious Urquhart, who swears in every second sentence. Silvain, the enamoured perfumer, is much better; and some bits about him are capital, such as the following:—

"This apartment was Silvain's pride and joy and in the hope that it would one day be honoured by becoming the home of Madame Silvain, *née* Henderson, the affectionate perfumer had done his best to adorn it, and render it worthy such a distinction. The alcove, in which was M. Silvain's bed, was shut off with pretty rose-coloured curtains, festooned with divers carefully-chosen flowers, which, in the mind of the enamoured owner, symbolized love, truth, and beauty, though it must be revealed that he had hopelessly failed in an attempt to make Mademoiselle's matter-of-fact nature recognize the poetical value of the device. An elegant clock, of curious contrivance, showed the figure of Pleasure, who was trying to conceal the hours with her scanty drapery, whence one hour—that of the time then passing—always peeped forth, and M. Silvain's whispered hope that his exertions to make all Mademoiselle's hours those of pleasure, had been more fortunate than his floral poetry, and had elicited a small slap on the cheek, and a request from his mistress that he would not talk such ridiculous nonsense. A variety of highly-coloured prints, selected with due regard to the extreme propriety of the British character, hung upon the walls, and there were two or three charming little mirrors, with china Cupids and nymphs, inviting the beholder to look into the glass they surrounded. Need it be said that the eternal artificial flowers, in vases, were there under their crystal covers, or that a lamp, with a shade covered with the most unobjectionable *diablerie*, stood upon a gilded bracket? The apartment would not hold much furniture, but what there was had been chosen with taste. The small carpet was of English manufacture, and rather vulgar and flaring, but the homage was in its parentage, not its beauty, as M. Silvain had also explained to Matilde. Altogether, the room was as dainty as the lover could make it, and its contiguity to the perfumery in the shop filled it with a composite and delectable aroma, and completed its bower-like character."

This is undoubtedly clever, and we might find other isolated passages equally good; but we still must reiterate our conviction, that as a novelist Mr. Shirley Brooks will never take a high rank or achieve a lasting reputation.

COMMON-SCHOOL EDUCATION.*

Et nos manum ferule subduzimus. We, too, have been at school and flinched from the cane. We have, moreover, had our revenge, and caused delinquent juveniles in our turn to contort the features and twist the limbs, whilst withdrawing the hand from the threatening ferule. We should, therefore, know something of Education. And yet we cannot say that

* *The Principles and Practice of Common-School Education.* By James Currie, A.M. (James Gordon, Edinburgh; Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London.)

we are impressed with any very profound reverence for the institution as it at present exists. We are aware that many high authorities consider it the panacea, the sovereign remedy for hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, beggary and crime, murder and suicide; old ladies have been known to recommend it for rheumatism; and we should not be surprised to see it advertised as a cure for the toothache. But, for our own part, we should be more inclined to try in the last case a little camphorated ether. Education, so far as we have been concerned with it, appeared to us an invention for enabling parents to get rid of their children for the greater part of the year, and gentlemen to combine in their own persons the rather heterogeneous vocations of ministers of the Church and licensed victuallers. We have often thought that the "boarding-houses" should have been decorated after the fashion of inns, with a board exhibiting the sign of the birch-rod. And yet a man must live. Talleyrand certainly did not see the necessity in the case of others, but we have no doubt that his perceptions would have been suddenly quickened had his own existence been the point in question. He would have set up a clerico-educational hostility with the greatest alacrity; he would have eked out a scanty income, as other men do, by economical arrangements in regard to the stomachs of little boys; he would have paid as particular attention as other men do to their religious instruction,—that is, he would have read prayers to them hurriedly every morning and evening, or would have deputed somebody else to do it for him, which of course is all the same; he would have delegated the care of their morals and the superintendence of their play-hours, as other men do, to an overworked usher at forty pounds a year; he would have kept a "buttons," as other men do, to clean the shoes, wait at table, be baited by the boys, and pull his hair to the boys' parents; in fact, he would have done exactly as other men do in a very great number of our English establishments connected with the great cause of education.

Mr. Currie's book treats of common schools; we are not quite certain what they are, but they do not appear to be conducted on the licensed-victualling system: and that is something in their favour. However, as Principal of the Church of Scotland Training College at Edinburgh, Mr. Currie, whatsoever may be the nature of the schools of which he writes, must speak to a certain degree *ex cathedra*, and has an undoubted right to be listened to with respect. In the absence of preface, introduction, or any other of the usual vehicles for conveying information to the reader of the object of a book, we are unable to state what it was Mr. Currie had in view, and whom, if anybody, he wished to enlighten when he took upon himself the toil of composing this elaborate treatise upon Education. It cannot have been intended for the recipients of instruction, for it is above their comprehension; and it cannot have been, we should think, composed for the edification of the general public, inasmuch as it is too minute in detail and too dry in matter to afford them much gratification. It must therefore, we think, either owe its appearance to the fact that he has had it for a long while on his mind, and could not rest until he got rid of it; or it must be put forth as a sort of handy-book for teachers; and to them it is likely to be both interesting and instructive. Mr. Currie takes very sensible views of the duty of families in respect of the education of their children. On the school and on the family rests a conjoint responsibility: unless school-

instruction be supported by home influence the work of the schoolmaster is in nine cases out of ten but labour in vain; the luckless child is between two stools, and haply gets a fall.

We are not quite so sure that Mr. Currie is right in saying, "It is desirable, moreover, that the teacher should magnify his office;" society puts its own mark upon every office and every profession, and we are sorry to say that it has not put a very distinguished one upon teaching. This is a misfortune which no dignity, no self-magnifying on the part of the teacher will remedy: boys soon learn in what estimation a certain vocation is held by their parents and others, and shape their ideas and behaviour accordingly. It is true that now and then force of character will extort respect above what is ordinarily conceded; but then it is homage paid to the individual and not to the office, and is generally accompanied by a regret that poor So-and-so cannot obtain some employment for which he is better suited. And herein is a proof that the outcry which is raised around us about the importance of education is not sincere; somebody or some bodies of influence have taken it into their heads to ride this particular hobby, and general society girds up its loins and turns running footman to them, shouting and hurrahing, but at the bottom of its heart taking no interest at all in the matter, and considering the whole thing rather a joke than otherwise. But general society does not so treat what it really reverences; it pays much money and offers high positions to the professors and teachers of what it really honours; but in education the emoluments are not large (except you indulge in a little commercial speculation on the principle already alluded to), the prospects are not dazzling, and it is, as Mr. Currie says, "a comparatively low position" which "society assigns to the teacher." All this must be changed before we can expect from education the wonderful effects predicted by enthusiasts. Let it be made worth the while of the best men in the country to devote their energies to education, and some extraordinary results may be expected; but so long as society practically gives the lie to its own assertions of the paramount importance of that which it delights not to honour, we shall look for those results in vain. There may be a case or so occasionally, but they will be few and far between. A social revolution must be accomplished ere the triumph of education is achieved. Society must whisper to the educator, "Friend, go up higher;" and give him glory both in the presence of his pupils and those with whom he sits at meat. Even a king must be hedged with external majesty, or his authority will be set at nought; so the teacher must be invested with extraneous dignity, or his precepts will not sink very deep. Time was when a great deal might be done with a birch-rod; but the awe inspired in that way was considered to be accompanied by a flurry which interfered with the proper exercise of the mental powers, and the method is now gradually vanishing. What Solomon would think of our present practice, we shudder to imagine; but the fact nevertheless remains, that a wholesome flogging, such as a boy of any principle used to look forward to at school, is now called an assault, and physical suasion in all its charming simplicity is displaced by moral. And moral suasion, we maintain, is greatly assisted by artificial means: and these means are not accorded so fully as they might be to the schoolmaster. Cheap and nasty are usually found together; and society likes its education cheap. However, we are travelling

away from Mr. Currie: we cannot say that we have read his book through attentively: such a feat was beyond our powers; for his work is, from the nature of the case, extremely dry, and a straightforward, unskipping, determined perusal of it would require more time than we can afford; frequent refreshment also would be absolutely necessary, and that is not always forthcoming; still, by dipping into it here and there we have been led to form a very favourable opinion of it, and consider it, as we have before hinted, likely to be of service to teachers. We would recommend to their notice what Mr. Currie says upon "attention to individual character;" it is very difficult to act upon, we confess—particularly if the class be large—but good advice generally is hard to follow: still, if one cannot make a bull's-eye, one may peradventure make an outer.

There are also many remarks upon moral education, which it would be well to read, mark, learn, and digest. We were reminded by the words "parents and those who have charge of children are often tempted to hold out any reward or punishment which may promise to be attended with the strongest immediate effect, utterly unconscious of the bad effect such a course must have on his character," of a gentleman who adopted the following singular mode of ensuring to the world one future hypocrite, if not two. "My dear," said he to a little boy, "which would you sooner do—eat a gingerbread nut, or repeat a hymn?" "Eat a gingerbread nut," says infancy, with prompt stomachic impulse. "Ah!" replied the senile tempter, "do you know, if I had asked my little girl which she would sooner do, she would have said, 'Repeat a hymn, Papa; the angels in Heaven, you know, repeat hymns;' and then she would have had two gingerbread nuts!" What an excellent woman that young lady must have made when she grew up! We wonder how many hymns she repeated when she had passed the age for gingerbread nuts.

Mr. Currie insists with good sense upon the necessity for physical education, for a healthy situation for the school, for proper ventilation, and other matters which fall within the scope of his subject. As to the "length of school-hours" he has somewhat to say; but we conceive that since Mr. Chadwick made his famous discovery and inaugurated (we hope) an era of everlasting half-holidays, the question has been entirely set at rest: *πλέον ἡμῶν πάντος* be henceforth the schoolboy's motto. Touching corporal punishment, Mr. Currie has five and a half pages; he considers that in this country the parent has, without doubt, delegated to the teacher the parental right of discipline, and that "society has sanctioned the use of corporal punishment." In reviewing the arguments for and against its expediency, he has some remarks which are worthy of attention:—

"It is further urged that corporal punishment is degrading to the pupil. Degrading it doubtless is, inasmuch as it must be accompanied by a sense of shame at having deserved it from a teacher who acts towards his pupils in so good a spirit of general discipline; but not degrading in the sense intended, the sense in which it is degrading to the adult, who, even when deserving punishment of some sort, feels that physical coercion is an unworthy form of it to be applied to a rational being of matured understanding, and who is therefore either broken down in spirit by it, or driven to desperation. The child himself does not feel it so; and we are not to speak of him, still in the sensuous stage of his being, as if he had the self-consciousness and reflection of a man."

Its power he pronounces to be "in the inverse ratio to its frequency of application; and rea-

son indorses his opinion. "With respect to the limits of corporal punishment, he says:—

"One limit to corporal punishment is obviously suggested by the obligation under which the teacher lies to preserve the bodily well-being of his charge. Weak health, in any of its forms, should be sacred from the touch of the rod; but a pupil in vigorous health may be injured by rashness and indiscretion in the mode of applying chastisement. The teacher who sees occasion to use it should confine himself to stripes on the hand, discarding every instrument but the leathern 'taws.' Indiscriminate beating of the person can hardly fail to lead to injury in some cases, and still more frequently to the appearance of injury: in both of which eventualities he exposes himself, beyond hope of satisfactory defence, to public reprobation, if not to legal penalty. It is not for the schoolmaster to complain of being subjected to the same responsibility as the law of the land and public opinion have imposed on the parent himself.

"The limit which it is most difficult for him to perceive clearly, is the degree in which he should persevere with this punishment in particular cases. We do not refer to the calm and steady repetition of a moderate infliction, as often as the offence requiring it is committed by a pupil whose bodily and mental vigour exclude all thoughts of danger, but to those cases in which he is tempted, by the apparent failure of his correction, to increase it in proportion to what he deems the pupil's obstinacy. Under this temptation he is insensibly drawn into a contest which every consideration of his dignity and his usefulness should lead him to decline. It is at once needless and ineffectual; for if chastisement does not produce the desired result when administered in reasonable measure, the fact is a sufficient indication that it is not the remedy to be relied on in the circumstances. Hastily to pronounce a pupil obstinate, is not a sufficient justification for unlimited recourse to correction. There is an obstinacy which it may be fairly applied to check; but there is an obstinacy which its use will hopelessly confirm and increase. Between these the teacher must carefully discriminate. Where it is purely a fault of temper, voluntarily assumed and persevered in by a pupil of sound health out of caprice or pride, or for the gratification of some depraved taste, it is unquestionably amenable to sharp correction: the teacher's influence and the interests of the school require either its suppression, or the removal of the pupil who exhibits it. But where obstinacy is a constitutional characteristic, partly physical and partly mental, we must beware of endeavouring to subdue nature by strong measures. A continued course of mild treatment may do much to mitigate the evils of such a disposition; but violence is likely to meet with a sullen, passive resistance, so little guided by intelligence that, rather than yield, it will encounter all extremes, even to the wearing out of the vital force itself."

The last sentence will suggest a case in point—the unhappy boy, Cancellor, who was beaten or prodded to death all in the way of Christian duty by Hopley.

Amongst other branches of education very fully discussed by Mr. Currie is writing, of which we do not profess to know a great deal; but we are sufficiently acquainted with the subject to admire the diagram illustrative of Mulhäuser's method, and to congratulate the rising generation upon the pains bestowed to make them famous calligraphers. For our part, we have no recollection of ever receiving any instruction in writing beyond a recommendation to make our o's "round at the top and round at the bottom," and the "down-stroke" which made them into a's "thick from top to bottom," followed in case of failure by a good thrashing. The "object-lesson" is a mode of education with which our childhood was not familiar. Examples are given of the way in which this kind of instruction is imparted: an object is exhibited, and the class is questioned as to its qualities, uses, colour,

shape, &c.; and thus the extent of their knowledge of common things is probed. This sort of oral instruction is likely to be of great service, especially in common schools, where we suppose it is considered of more importance that the pupils should acquire a tolerably accurate knowledge of what they see every day, than be able to repeat the *Que genus*. Those persons who complain that they "have no ear" should read Mr. Currie's chapter on singing; they will be surprised perhaps to see it stated, that not only in Suffolk and Norfolk, where conversations are habitually carried on in an ascending scale, but everywhere "singing is as natural to man as speaking." We suppose, then, it is by a mere accident that we do not conduct business in tuneless measures, and hire people from Italy to speak to us from a stage.

LIFE OF FRANCIS BACON.*

A LADY with a grievance is proverbially not the most agreeable company in the world, but an author with a grievance is a still greater infliction. He has an unlimited use of that worst weapon in the hands of a bore—proximity. Even Mrs. Caudle, with all that injured woman's power of continuous invective and linked lectures long drawn out, could never have talked five hundred and sixty-eight octavo pages on one theme. Her curtain lectures are, by comparison, brevity itself, and possess more-over the rare merit of point and variety; yet, so strong is the soporific influence of a grievance on all but the party aggrieved, that they never failed to seal in repose even the guilty eyes of Caudle. Let all who feel a touch, however latent, of poor Caudle's infirmity, beware of the deeply-injured author of this so-called *Life of Bacon*. In his preface, with discreet reticence, he only hints at the injuries which induced him to draw his pen; they are darkly conveyed in the form of apologue, grim yet facetious. For our instruction and warning he circumstantially narrates a thrilling incident in his own career. In a large provincial town he is seized with toothache; he seeks a dentist, and finds one in a house of imposing aspect and dimensions. A resplendent lamp, a huge brass plate, a brass letter-box, a brass knocker, and two bell-pulls, equally polished, lustrous and brazen, foreshadow the luxury, not to say splendour, of its inhabitant. A footman with buttons and a face of the brassiest, opens the door and "deports" him into a room in which are seated several miserable sufferers, called deridingly patients, waiting till the great Professor is at liberty. Not to inflict on our readers the harrowing details, let us briefly state that the great Professor turns out to be a successful impostor, and robs our author of two perfectly sound teeth. Observing shortly after a magnificent puff of this charlatan in the most influential local journal, he calls on the editor and remonstrates. The answer is simple: "The public like to be imposed on—they prefer it." So much for the apologue. Having conscientiously gone through the book, we are able to furnish our readers with the explanation. In the sufferings of the author are typified the injuries inflicted on a deluded public; the time-serving editor represents the British press; and that successful rogue of a dentist is Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Further on in the book, the Gentleman of the Inner Temple, taking the reader, as it were, into his inmost confidence, discards parable and pretty plainly intimates that Mr. Dixon is a carrion kite, a raven-

ing wolf, a jackal of literature, a tenth-rate literary charlatan; and, pitilessly unmasking the daring imposture, pronounces that his book recently published with the pretence of defending Bacon's fame, was really written with the intention of slandering and vilifying Bacon's contemporaries, especially his noble friend Essex and that great and distinguished lawyer, Sir Edward Coke.

It may seem strange that a book so strongly seasoned with abuse should be dull. Now that even anonymous authors have ceased to model themselves on the Pott and Slurk school, such wholesale and vigorous invective should have at least the charm of novelty. Perhaps the reason of the author's failure is that the abuse is too monotonous; perhaps it cannot leave so vast a mass of commonplace information; perhaps it is not pleasant, even for the most bloodthirsty reader, to find Bacon perpetually serving as whipping-boy to Mr. Hepworth Dixon. It is hard enough that the Achæans should suffer because their princes quarrel, but the reverse of this is more indecorous and quite as unjust. That Bacon should be pilloried and pelted through five hundred and sixty-five dismal pages, merely because he is regarded as the *protégé* of Mr. Dixon, may be ludicrous enough in idea, but is somewhat sickening in execution. Now, on personal grounds we have nothing whatever to do with any quarrel between the Gentleman of the Inner Temple and his victim. It is neither our province nor our inclination to take up the cudgels for a writer who, if so minded, is quite competent to defend himself. We do not belong to that "very small portion of the English press which, either through ignorance or venality, has lent itself to Mr. Dixon's praise." On the contrary, in reviewing his *Life of Bacon* we ventured to point out what appeared to us some grave misconceptions; and from his fundamental position that "Nature abhors antitheses," would never have sanctioned an unnatural alliance between genius and infamy, between all that is glorious in intellect and all that is contemptible in morals, we expressed our dissent in language not less emphatic than that employed by our author. Why should not the same capricious destiny which made

"Otho a fiddler, Cromwell a buffoon;
A perjured prince a lenient saint reverse;
A godless regent tremble at a star."

knead into one intelligible whole the boldness and the timidity, the freedom and the servility, which made Bacon at once the most daring of speculators, and the most time-serving of placemen? But, as critics and purveyors for the public palate, we are glad to dwell on what little the book before us presents of novelty, and for this it is entirely indebted to Mr. Dixon. In every other point it is the old, old story,—to all so sad, to some so inexplicable. Our author endorses the time-honoured view, and it is not easy to see what profit to letters is gained by its repetition. The view itself is as old as Bacon's contemporaries, and many moderns have been busy with it—Macaulay has lighted up its sad details with a blaze of rhetoric which we fear no *Athenæum* engine, however well directed, will suffice to put out. Lord Campbell has summed up on it with a reluctant impartiality worthy the lettered judge. Even the devotee, Mr. Montague, has drawn up unshrinkingly the damning array of facts which could only fail to convince such hero-worship as his own.

So far as our author's treatment is new, it is in the highest degree discreditable to him. He only differs from his predecessors in finding cause for exultation in what they found cause for

* *The Life of Francis Bacon*. 15s. (Saunders and Otley.)

regret, and almost humiliation. If it be true, as Macaulay has said, that "there is scarcely any delusion which has a better claim to be indulgently treated than that under the influence of which a man ascribes every moral excellence to those who have left imperishable monuments of their genius," then surely there is not in human nature a tendency more despicable than the disposition to find pleasure in the errors and degradation of a great mind. Yet a man of letters, and professed champion of slandered renown, is not ashamed to discuss the failings of the greatest of modern philosophers in a style scarcely worthy of a petulant school-girl waxing eloquent and satirical about the treachery and tyranny of her mistress. Such conduct in a dunce would be natural enough; but in the book before us there are such unmistakable marks of ability, however painfully misapplied, and of intellectual sympathies, that its tone can only be explained on the supposition that the writer is fairly carried away by a prejudice so violent as to make him lose sight of the most obvious rules of expediency and decorum. In his fierce crusade against Mr. Dixon, he sternly refuses quarter to every object of Mr. Dixon's admiration, holding forth the right hand of fellowship only to that gentleman's foes. Bacon is Mr. Dixon's especial favourite, so Bacon must be hanged, drawn, quartered, and, worse still, caricatured; and the colours are laid on with a blind profusion, which can bring ridicule and discomfiture only upon the artist. If we except the homage inevitably due to Bacon's genius, there is in the whole book, as far as we can remember, only one passage in his praise, and even that passage is flatly contradicted by another which occurs elsewhere. Indeed, as might be expected of a book written under such inspiration, the inconsistencies are innumerable. In page 83 (the passage to which we have just alluded), Bacon is given credit for "a generous and feeling heart; for a nature promptly sympathetic to pain and suffering in others." In page 196, he would be "the ruler of a king" (whatever this may mean) "if he had but a little heart, a little bowels for suffering humanity." In page 108, he is described as "hated and envied by his relatives." In page 93, the author "can see no ground for the suspicion of Macaulay that the Burleighs bore him malice." In the account of his relations with Essex, no pains are spared in the endeavour to prove that to Essex, and Essex alone, Bacon owed the dawn of his prosperity; that, ignorant of law and retarded by an unmarketable reputation, he had no merit of his own to plead. Elsewhere we are informed, that "by his own sheer wit and talents he lifted himself above penury, above unmerited obscurity, and fought his way, inch by inch, every point disputed, to the Lord Chancellorship and the Peerage."

In his *Life of Bacon*, Mr. Dixon very justly pointed out that the relations between Essex and Bacon were not, as Macaulay and others had represented them, merely those between debtor and creditor; but that, from interested as well as generous motives, Essex was glad enough to avail himself of the services of so able an adherent. Our author scouts this notion as monstrous, preposterous; yet we find him explaining on this very ground, the alliance between Essex and Bacon's brother:—"Anthony Bacon, from his first return to England, enters into the service, as an amateur or volunteer, of the Earl of Essex. The Earl has wealth, station, and power; Anthony Bacon has his own good wit. They may be useful to each other. They make a friendship which is one of the strongest kind, being founded on mutual advantage." Had Francis Bacon less

wit than Anthony, or was he too scrupulous for the service? How is it possible to reconcile with this very plausible explanation the following passage:—"That Francis Bacon had up to this time done anything for Essex, cannot be shown; the nature of their intercourse forbids it. That Essex was in anyway indebted to the briefless (?) needy barrister, was simply absurd." We shall content ourselves with one more instance of this inconsistency—an instance ludicrously illustrative of the extent to which our author suffers from his anti-Dixon prejudices. Lord Campbell in his *Life of Bacon*, narrates that Coke, without proper warrant, broke open the house in which his daughter lay concealed, and forcibly carried her off. Our author, finding that this account conflicts with another (Chamberlain's version), confesses himself in a difficulty, but, after due deliberation, pronounces Lord Campbell's version "probably inaccurate." Elsewhere, finding that Mr. Dixon has adopted the same view, he, as usual, confronts that luckless gentleman with the direct impolite negative. The negative is part of an elaborate and violent vindication of Sir Edward Coke, on grounds hopelessly irreconcilable with the main position taken up in the *Life of Bacon*. Allowing Coke to be avicious, narrow-minded, pedantic; averring that for power or revenge he sold his daughter to a man whom he hated, and was thus only a "superior Shylock," he is yet furious with Mr. Dixon for his "scurrilous slanders" of the great lawyer. Our readers will be curious to know on what grounds. Because, forsooth, Coke, to many known "only in conjunction with the name of Littleton," is by our author regarded as a man "not less wonderful, not less supreme in genius, and infinitely more noble in his aspirations, than Lord Bacon." Indeed he "unhesitatingly confesses" that he would much rather be handed down to posterity as the author of the *Gloss on Magna Charta* than as the author of the *Novum Organum*. For how much of this eloquent praise Coke is indebted to Mr. Dixon's "scurrilous slander" we need not pause to consider. All we wish to point out is, that it is the height of inconsistency to urge such a plea in defence of Coke in an attack upon Bacon, the very foundation of which must be that genius is no excuse for crime. It will be a long time, we fancy, before mankind will discover that their debt to the great philosopher is less their debt to the great lawyer, or that gentlemen of the Inner Temple have more right to throw mud at Bacon than the Editor of the *Athenæum* has to blaspheme Coke.

It would be well for the value of the work before us, and for the patience of its readers, if the author's rage for controversy laid him open to no other charge than that of inconsistency. Unfortunately, in his eagerness to defend the vilified Elizabethan heroes and to re-blacken Bacon, he has utterly lost sight of historical perspective. Had he, instead of a lengthy life of Bacon, written a "Brief Exposure of Mr. Dixon," he could scarcely have committed greater breaches of courtesy, and would certainly have avoided a fatal error in art. In such a book it would have been natural enough to dwell as much as possible on the weak points of his adversary, and cover under a cloud of verbiage his own; but what is the value of a *Life of Bacon*, in which the distribution of kicks and halfpence is from first to last regulated by the procedure of another book not incorporated into the text? If it be true that a novel should never be written "with a purpose," how much more does this apply to biography! In fiction, the incidents

are at the author's own disposal, the privileges of omission and commission are all his own, and he may shape them to what purpose he pleases; but in biography, where unluckily the facts are given, a preconceived purpose, when invested with despotie power, is very apt to play sad havoc with inconvenient facts, or, at best, to consign them to oblivion. The gravest of the charges brought against Bacon is that of ingratitude towards Essex; and, as it is considered by many that Mr. Dixon has disposed of it, it would be only right that a writer professedly engaged in refuting him should devote a considerable space to whatever throws light on the intercourse between the Earl and his client. But even in a pamphlet, avowedly controversial, Essex would have no place except in connection with Bacon. Is it not then ludicrous that in a *Life of Bacon* historical proportion should be so entirely disregarded, that more than half the volume Essex plays a more than conspicuous part than the hero? We are favoured with his birth and parentage; we are carried off to Cadiz to be actual spectators of his bravery; we are wearied with tediously minute descriptions of interviews with the Queen, with Francis Bacon, with Anthony, interviews which differ from each other chiefly in that one happens on a Tuesday, another on a Friday. We are asked to read long letters with dull commentaries; and, finally, sixty pages or so of intermittent eloquence are rously thrown in, as it were, describing in a style worthy the occasion, a conspiracy perhaps of the most contemptible of all that disgraces our annals.

The only part of the Essex episode in Bacon's life which our author hurries over, is, as we might expect, that part which to a certain extent palliates, though it is very far from excusing, Bacon's ingratitude. We allude to the time during which Essex, by his own suicidal folly, incurs more and more the displeasure of the Queen, and in defiance of it in Bacon's admirable advice and repeated attempts to check his headlong career, commits himself to a policy in which it became impossible for a man of Bacon's temper and sagacity to join him. Indeed this determination to see nothing but what is base and contemptible in Bacon's character never deserts his biographer. It even affects his appreciation of Bacon's intellect. He does not, indeed, withhold from the *Novum Organum* the honour of a comparison with Coke's *Gloss on Magna Charta*, although afterwards, as if to atone for his momentary weakness, he "unhesitatingly" decides in favour of the latter; but he takes great pains to disprove, or, more strictly speaking, he frequently asserts, that Bacon was a poor lawyer and deservedly a briefless barrister. Now, that Bacon was not so deeply read in law as Coke is undeniable, and is as natural as that were he now living he should be less at home on the tight-rope than Blondin, less dexterous in bisecting a sheep than Professor Harrison; but that he was a poor lawyer, and, in consequence, an unsuccessful barrister, we never before heard. On the contrary, at a very early age, he attained at the bar distinction usually conferred on men older and more advanced in the profession than himself. This success our author, on a purely gratuitous assumption, ascribes to Burleigh's exertions on his behalf, forgetting apparently that elsewhere he has spoken of Bacon as a man who, "hated and envied by his relatives, raised himself by sheer wit and talents from obscurity." Even were these successes not on record, we know that Bacon was one of the most eloquent men of his time to age, and that he conducted with distinguished ability more than one important case.

We may here incidentally remark that one of the best acts in his life, his eloquent prosecution of the Somersets for the Overbury murder, is passed over by his candid biographer. In a similar spirit his memorable speech on the Subsidy question is ascribed with a clumsy disingenuousness to any but the right motive. The true explanation lies on the surface. The subsidy was an abuse, and, excepting the one very essential requisite of physical courage, Bacon was eminently qualified to be a reformer. Perhaps not distinctly conscious of the danger which he incurred, he opposed the subsidy and defeated the government by a majority of two hundred and nineteen to one hundred and twenty-eight. That subsequently he behaved in a manner unworthy of his victory, we are ready to admit, and we should have thought that this failure might have reconciled even the most hostile critic to the triumph, and induced him to give at least an honest version of the whole affair. However, our author having taken uncompromisingly for his motto that no good thing can come out of Nazareth, is bound to find some discreditable interpretation for this as for every other act of Bacon's. Accordingly, we are favoured with two or three conjectures, which have not a shadow of foundation. We are told that the speech was probably suggested by Essex and Anthony Bacon—that Bacon had grown weary of his unprofitable subjection to the Cecils, and wished to annoy Burleigh—that a fit of temper, an accidental twinge of the gout, caused the unlucky speech. Of all these luckless hypotheses it is not easy to say which is the most unfortunate. Perhaps, however, when we consider how remarkable throughout life Bacon was for command of temper and self-possession, we may venture to assign the "palma stoliditatis" to the last.

Not long after this triumphant defeat of the government—a victory, he it remembered, gained at a time when Parliament had scarcely ceased to be the obsequious vassal of the Crown—we find Bacon described as "having done nothing, literally and absolutely nothing, to distinguish himself publicly." This is startling, and at first sight inexplicable, since the statement does not appear to serve any immediate purpose of defamation. However, the mystery is solved as we proceed. Our author wishes to show that by the all-powerful mediation of Essex, an utterly untried and unknown man, a poor lawyer, a briefless barrister, was pushed into Court-favour. Hence the bold assertion.

One more instance, and we have done: it is laughable, but very illustrative of the animus which pervades the book. Bacon, in his private correspondence with Essex, nicknames Coke, who was just then his rival for the post of Attorney, the "Huddler." This cold-blooded defamation of the spotless author of the *Gloss on Magna Charta* arouses the magisterial wrath of our author, who denounces it with a dignity worthy of Mr. Nupkins or even his chief officer, Grummer. We read, that "sparing no arts, even the most unworthy, to gain his end, this place-hunter has already vilified Coke to Essex—speaks of him as the Huddler." Alarmed, we hastened to the Dictionary, anxious to discover what provoked this solemn castigation. "Huddler" was not to be found; but, to our great relief as well as to our great astonishment, the only meaning assigned to "huddle" was "to put or throw together in confusion." This left us as much in the dark as ever. Could it be possible that Bacon merely alludes to Coke's notorious want of method, or does some horrible interpretation underlie the word? Is it that the very sight of Bacon makes our author begin to fumble for

the black cap? or has he really this feminine detestation of slander? Perhaps, to take the charitable view, he is much in the same position as the old apple-woman whom O'Connell awed into horror-struck silence by the appellation of "parallelopiped." The old lady was familiar enough with ordinary oaths, and could give and take with any one; but "parallelopiped" not coming within the range of her experience or understanding, she naturally considered it a term of superhuman profanity, and shrank from the bold blasphemer. Our author, as great a proficient in his line as the old woman in hers, has fallen into the same trap. Scoundrel, villain, jackal, traitor, Judas, come glibly from his pen; but "in the name of outraged decency," Mr. Jinks, commit Huddler.

CORRESPONDENCE OF DE TOCQUEVILLE. VOLUME II.

NEARLY ten months ago (*vide Literary Gazette* for January 5) we noticed at some length the publication, under the editorship of M. Gustave de Beaumont, of the Correspondence of Alexis de Tocqueville. About the same time Messrs. Macmillan announced as forthcoming a translation of these volumes, and it is now before us. After the remarks we then made, it is scarcely necessary to say that we regard the rendering of this excellent memoir and selection of letters into our own tongue, as a most beneficial proceeding. Although perhaps most persons who would be likely to care for De Tocqueville's speculations, are familiar with the tongue in which he wrote, still the English version will be sure to attract many of those "languid students" who, in spite of their knowledge of French, prefer to be spared the labour of turning that knowledge to account.

De Tocqueville is a writer whose fame cannot be too widely diffused. Patient investigation, acute insight, profound earnestness, are not often found even singly; but when they are all combined in the same thinker, such a one cannot be too familiarly known. And as we before observed, De Tocqueville was not a writer of such compass and profundity as to be far ahead of the times in which he lived: he was not so far in advance of his age as to be incomprehensible to the bulk of his contemporaries. We can all study his speculations with profit as well as pleasure; they bear with singular directness upon the problems, social and political, which are at this moment most vehemently agitating the public mind. America, the scene of his first and most famous investigations, is now confirming with lamentable accuracy the truth of his prophecies respecting her. The vexed questions relating to the distribution of political power, which are now undergoing constant discussion, were all in turn the objects of his special inquiry, and upon all of them he threw the light of his keen and active intellect. And, moreover, in no country and at no time more than our own, is it needful to counterbalance the all-devouring commercial spirit by the study of philosophy such as De Tocqueville's, which, while it is practical, is made up of the widest generalizations and the most universal theories. His correspondence, or rather the portion of it contained in the volumes before us, for the present rule of France would scarcely permit

the publication of the whole of it, is a most admirable introduction to his large works. Taking as he did an active interest in whatever was going on in the world around him, and never speaking until he had well considered what he was about to say, his remarks extend over a large surface, and are full of thoughtfulness and striking comment. Amongst other considerations which render the translation peculiarly appropriate is the fact that many of De Tocqueville's most intimate correspondents were English; they included Mr. J. S. Mill, Mrs. Grote, Lord Brougham, Mr. Nassau W. Senior, and others.

We will not, however, run the risk of repeating the remarks we made on a former occasion, but shall instead furnish our readers with a number of extracts from the present translation, promising that it appears on the whole to have been accurately executed. We cannot forbear noticing one absurd blunder in the rendering, namely, of the French *clerc* by the English *clerk*: we should scarcely say that Messrs. Longman were the "editors" of Macaulay's History, or that Mr. Murray "edited" Grote's History of Greece.

Here is a letter to M. Gustave de Beaumont, dated from our own capital, in 1835:—

"At last I have reached England, dear friend! I assure you not without trouble. First I sailed from Cherbourg to Guernsey, in a yacht, whose owner offered me a passage. There I found a steamer which took me in ten hours to Weymouth, a little town on the south-coast of England, whence I made my way to London. I arrived last Saturday. It would be difficult to describe my impressions since I set foot in this huge metropolis. I found myself in perpetual confusion, and deeply conscious of my insignificance. We were great people in America. We are not much in Paris. But one must fall below zero, and take what the mathematicians call minus quantities, to calculate what I am here. There are two reasons for this; first the enormous size of the town, which is beyond all that Paris can give an idea of, and the number of remarkable men to be found in it; secondly, the position occupied by the aristocracy, of which I had no previous conception. The advantages bestowed by fortune, when it is added to high birth, seem to me to be a thousand times greater than any others. Of course I cannot yet speak of the character of the English nation; I can only tell you what strikes me most in their manners: it is their aristocratic form; the aristocratic spirit seems to me to penetrate all classes. I find nothing at all like America. I wander all over London like a midge over a haystack. All the people to whom I have access receive me kindly, but the difficulty is to get sight of them. The hardest part is to confine one's curiosity within certain limits; the multitude of interesting objects (intellectually speaking) weigh one down; I want to be directed in my choice. . . . Write to me as soon as possible."

The following description occurs in a letter to the same friend, a couple of years later:—

"On the day before you left I went to see Madame Récamier, who invited me to come on the day after, which was yesterday, at three o'clock, to hear the great man read a portion of his memoirs. So I went. I found a troop of budding and full-blown celebrities; a well-selected circle. At the head, Chateaubriand, Ampère, Ballanche, St. Beuve, the Duc de Noailles, and the Duc de Laval; the same whom I heard say ten years ago in Rome, 'By Jove! I have spent some delightful hours with that woman!' Chateaubriand introduced me to all these people in terms calculated to make a few of them my friends, and the greater number my sincere enemies. They all paid me many compliments. When this little piece was over, the real play began. It would take too long to tell you all about it. It was on the First Restoration and the One Hundred Days. Some had taste, some very bitter feeling, some profound views in his picture of the

* *Memoirs, Letters, and Remains of Alexis de Tocqueville*. Translated from the French, by the Translator of *Napoleon's Correspondence with King Joseph*. With large additions. Two Vols. 21s. (Macmillan.)

• M. de Chateaubriand.

perplexities experienced by Napoleon when on the throne, all with great spirit and full of poetry. Napoleon's march on Paris after his return from Elba, told as it would have been by Homer and Tacitus in one; the battle of Waterloo described so as to make every nerve vibrate, though the booming of the cannon is now so distant. . . . How shall I repeat it to you? I was deeply moved, excited, agitated; and when I expressed my warm admiration, I was perfectly sincere. Madame Récamier, and afterwards M. de Chateaubriand, desired me to say that they regretted your not being present.

"I returned home after this reading, transported to that region midway between earth and heaven, in which one finds oneself after any great excitement, while the impression still lasts."

When we remember the sagacity of the writer, and the confirmation which subsequent events have given to so many of his predictions, the following remarks in a letter to Count Molé, written in London, have an almost painful interest:—

"When I consider attentively the state of this country, I cannot help believing that a democratic revolution, similar to that which has taken place with us, will, sooner or later, take place in England; but it will not occur in the same way, or by the same means. With us, religious indifference singularly facilitated alterations in our ancient laws. Here, revolutionary feelings are almost as much religious as political. The vehemence and the influence of religious opinions in this country, inflamed as they are by party spirit, cannot be conceived in France. The population may be thus divided: on the side of the Established Church are almost all the rich; most of the middle and many of the lower classes are Dissenters. It is observed that families, when they become rich, seldom fail to join the Church; while many of the poor every day enrol themselves among the Dissenters. After an attentive examination, I am convinced that the Established religion naturally leads to monarchical and aristocratical ideas, and Dissent to notions of republican equality.

"In England, therefore, republican theories do not gain ground, as with us, in the absence of religious convictions. They are helped by these opinions, and help them in turn. It seems to be probable that the Dissenters will gain the day, and, as in 1640, upset the State after they have overthrown the Church. One instance will explain the difference between the two countries on this subject. Last year, only a few votes were wanting to pass a bill through the House of Commons, the object of which was to render still more strict the already rigid observance of Sunday. Thus, liberalism, which relaxes religious discipline with us, leads in England to puritanic austerity. . . .

"It is, I believe, an established fact, that as a nation becomes more civilized, its people leave off labour in the fields for work in manufactures. This natural tendency is especially observable in England, which manufactures almost everything, not only for Great Britain, but for the whole world. In England, too, as the land has never been much divided, it has never been such a source of fortune to the poor, as it is in France; and it therefore never presents itself to the fancy of the lower classes as the natural means of rising in the world. The habits and instincts of the English peasant are, consequently, totally unlike those of our own. If he possesses more intelligence or more capital than his neighbours, he turns his advantages to account in trade; the idea of becoming a landowner never enters his head. With the English, therefore, land is a luxury; it is honourable and agreeable to possess it, but it yields comparatively little profit. Only rich people buy it. With us, a great landed proprietor sometimes sells in small lots as a speculation; here, a sale is the speculation of the small landowner. Large estates, therefore, grow larger every day; agriculture is carried on on a great scale. As such agriculture requires fewer hands, every year an increasing number of labourers are out of work. So, while trade and manufactures attract labourers, the soil rejects them. . . .

"Already in England, nearly two-thirds of the population have passed from agriculture to trade and

manufactures. The change began long ago, and its progress must lead to an unnatural and, I believe, an unamainable state of society. The whole country is already lamenting over the excess of population and want of employment. The population appears to be excessive, because it is ill distributed; and employment is deficient, because all labour flows in the same channel. Opposed to a small minority of rich is an immense majority of poor; and nowhere is the antagonism between the class that possess everything and that which has nothing so formidable. I know that the rich are beginning to agree perfectly among themselves; but the poor are more of one mind than in any other country in the world. The misunderstanding is only between the two classes."

Here is a portion of a letter from Sorrento, written in 1850:—

"Though solitary, do not think that I am quite without resources. I have brought as companions a few excellent books. It sometimes occurs to me, I tell you this as a secret, that on the whole I prefer living with books to living with authors. One is not always happy with the latter; while books are intelligent companions, without vanity, ill-humour, or caprice; they do not want to talk of themselves, do not dislike to hear others praised; clever people whom one can summon and dismiss just as one pleases. A capital recommendation; for though there is nothing so delightful as agreeable conversation, it shares the fate of all other pleasures, and to be fully enjoyed ought to be taken only when one chooses, and as one chooses. I need not say that my distrust of authors does not extend to my friend Ampère, whom I am impatiently expecting to-morrow, or the day after. His least merit is writing; and I know by experience that no companion can be more agreeable and delightful than he is in retirement. As I wish to keep him as long as possible in our retreat, I have fitted him up a south room, with a grove of orange-trees under his window, and a glimpse of the sea in one corner. I have put in a fireplace and a carpet, two things which are sometimes necessary, though they are rare in this fortunate climate, where few precautions are taken against winter. I hope that he will like his cell; that he will stay as long as we shall at Sorrento; that we shall talk a great deal, and even work a little; for complete idleness is good for nothing; and has never fattened any but fools, so it is said, but even this I doubt."

We will conclude these quotations with some fugitive criticisms on one or two English authors and their works. To begin with Gibbon:—

"I am reading to myself, and therefore slowly, the *Autobiography of Gibbon*, in English, and with the greatest interest; but I venture to do so only for short intervals. Do not you agree with me that nothing is more interesting than the memoirs of celebrated men when they can be trusted? One always hopes to find the secret of the fine machines which have worked so well. Often one is deceived. Gibbon is evidently sincere. It shows how much may be done by a man with an extraordinary memory, who, in the leisure and the quiet given by a high social position and an independent fortune, passes forty years at work, reads all that has ever been written on an almost boundless subject, retains it, and afterwards quietly, and without hurrying himself, brings together all the results, and finds that, almost without having been aware of what he was doing, he has produced one of the greatest works of modern literature. What was least to be expected is that this man, capable of such patient toil (he gives a list of the readings of a month; in a whole year so employed, he would have done more than would have been done by a whole convent of Benedictines)—that this man, I say, laborious to a degree which generally excludes other great qualities, should, when he came to compose, have proved a concise, nervous, and animated writer."

The following is an extract from a letter to Sir James Stephen, late Professor of Modern History at Cambridge:—

"Allow me to express the pleasure with which

I have just read your *Lectures on the History of France*. I do not believe that I ever found in a foreign book such knowledge of the details of our history, or so clear a comprehension of our ideas, of our laws, and of our habits. I admire, too, the impartiality which raises you above national prejudices, and allows you to appreciate all that is good and great in another country, ardently attached as you evidently are to your own.

"I will not say that I thoroughly admit all your facts or all your inferences. Let me observe that after having combated, forcibly and justly, what you call the Fatalist School, you lean towards its doctrines, when, towards the end of your work, you attach such decisive importance to race, and attribute the freedom of the English principally to their Teutonic blood. I could raise many objections to this, but I had rather dwell on the many opinions which I am happy enough to hold in common with you."

Lastly, here is De Tocqueville's opinion of Macaulay:—

"You should read, too, as we have done, the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay. It is more amusing than any novel, and almost as superficial. When I say superficial, I mean that it wants the sagacity which penetrates through the passions of the time and of the country, down to the general character of an epoch, and to its place in human progress. As to mere facts, it is far from superficial—the author has studied them well."

"You must read the book to see how the substantial honesty, good sense, moderation, and virtue of a nation, and the institutions which these qualities have created or preserved, can struggle against the vices of those who manage its affairs. Never was there a set of statesmen more dishonest than those whom Macaulay here describes; never was there a society more admirable than that which grew up under their hands. Among nations, as among individuals, there are constitutions proof, not only against disease, but even against physicians."

We may mention that the additions to which allusion is made in the title-page, consist principally of some extracts from Mr. Senior's *Journal*, containing notes of conversation with De Tocqueville; of an article contributed to the *London and Westminster Review* by De Tocqueville, and translated by Mr. J. S. Mill, on "France before the Revolution;" and some letters not included in M. de Beaumont's collection, either because they referred to English politics and so would be uninteresting to French readers, or else as being offensive to the present French government.

SHORT NOTICES.

Barrow's Travels in China investigated. By William J. Proudfoot. (Phillip and Son.) Metal on metal is false heraldry, and the practice of reviewing reviews, if not an absolute violation of the so-called amenities of literature, is one, in our opinion, "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." On this principle a very brief notice will suffice for Mr. Proudfoot's little volume, which is nothing more or less than a piece of slashing, albeit tardy criticism of Sir John Barrow's *Travels in China*, published upwards of half a century ago. We have not the work in question at hand to refer to, and therefore are not in a position to verify Mr. Proudfoot's allegations; but even admitting their truth, we do not see on what ground he is justified in raking up an old quarrel, or of attacking a writer who is now beyond the reach of reply. The truth or falsity of a book of travels, which appeared fifty years back, is perfectly immaterial at the present day, even regarded from a critical point of view; and the writer who, without any satisfactory reason—for those adduced in his preface are certainly far from being valid—essays to blacken the reputation of a dead man, necessarily lays himself open to the charge of being influenced by other than unprejudiced motives, an impression of

which the dispassionate reader of Mr. Proudfoot's volume will, we fear, have some difficulty in divesting himself.

The Channel Railway connecting England and France. By John Chalmers. (Spon.) It has rarely been our lot to meet with a work in which the personal pronoun "I" occupies so prominent a place as in this little volume of some forty-seven pages. The writer introduces himself with the candid confession that he is "no professional engineer," and has "no pretensions of a literary character," yet fortifying himself with the complacent *obiter dictum* that "the highest engineering diplomas, especially in our own country, are often those of Heaven's granting," boldly essays the solution of the long-veiled problem as to the practicability of uniting England and France by means of a submarine channel railway. *Malgré* his covert sneer at "the favourites of academies, children of wealth and comfort, reared behind the 'sheltering wa's and belds' of Eton, Harrow, or Westminster, Oxford or Cambridge," Mr. John Chalmers appears fully to enter into the Horatian sentiment, "Ne quidquam Deus," &c.; and strong in the conviction of his "right divine" to the threefold qualifications of engineer, mechanist, and contractor, proceeds summarily to dispose of (in the cruelest of italics) the puerile conceptions of his predecessors, and to magnify in no measured language his own plans and projects, and, above all, the great "I"—in other words, Mr. John Chalmers. "The alphabet," he tells us, "is too short to convey any idea of the rigid searching scrutiny and study which I have given my project." Such a triumph of mind over matter is certainly deserving of our warmest congratulations; and therefore, albeit deeply lamenting the limited resources of the English language, and our own inability to supply him with a more comprehensive alphabetical vocabulary, we will willingly take him at his word, and not do him the injustice "to judge it" (the antecedent is doubtful, but we presume he is referring to his scheme) "by the literary ability of its present advocate." We may premise that Mr. Chalmers's project is by no means a novel one. M. Mathieu, a French engineer, propounded some sixty years ago the idea of a tunnel running underneath the Straits of Dover, and submitted his plans to Napoleon, then First Consul; and since that time, as Mr. Chalmers informs us, there have been before the world no less than eleven projects for carrying out a similar undertaking. Three projectors, all French, proposed tunnelling under the Channel; seven, viz. two French and five English, including our author, have suggested submerged tubes. A Frenchman has proposed an arched roadway to be constructed on the bottom, and an Englishman a mammoth bridge; the several estimates for the undertaking varying from the very modest sum of about £87,400,000 to £10,000,000. Of all these schemes, that of M. de Gamond, which appeared in 1856, was, as many of our readers will doubtless recollect, the only one that received any serious attention. A select committee of eminent engineers was appointed to take his plan into consideration, and returned a favourable report; but the project, the principle of which was the construction of a subterranean tunnel through the thirteen Channel Islands, was finally rejected on account of its interference with the navigation of the Straits. Our author treats these various projects with a most charming and self-complacent assumption of heaven-sent superiority. This one has "an easy gentlemanly indifference about it, an *if, a might, or a perhaps*, cutting the Gordian knot of every difficulty." The proposition of another "is perfectly refreshing;" while a third "handles his finances as he does his iron, in large masses, and with the same nonchalance," &c. &c. On reviewing, however, Mr. Chalmers's own project, we do not think that it possesses any very striking advantage over, or indeed differs very materially in principle from, some of those for which he professes to entertain such a supreme contempt. His plan, so far as we can understand it, is to sink, by means of anchors, a strong iron tube, of circular form, coated with rough stone; the whole to be "supported by its own buoyancy" at an average depth of 40 to 120 feet below the low-water level. The tube is to be fur-

nished with three ventilators—one in mid-channel, and one about a mile from either shore; and "powerful machinery will be employed, if necessary, to force air to the parts most distant from the ventilators." Here follows a pleasant picture of a smokeless, vapourless, and noiseless tunnel, of "cleanly-painted light-coloured iron, and a thousand double lamps, one in every thirty-five yards," giving "a cheerful aspect to this ocean roadway;" all for the absurdly low price of £12,000,000, to say nothing of a certain dividend, proved most satisfactorily on paper, of some 104 per cent. Granting, however, that this colossal scheme be carried out down to its minutest details—the stone-coated smokeless and soundless iron cylinders sunk to and maintained at the required uniform depth (our author, it must be confessed, is somewhat obscure as to the *modus operandi*), the ventilation perfect, the Cremona-like vista of "double lamps" properly lit and trimmed, the tunnel-sides decorated with all the elaborate ornamentation of Owen Jones—granting, in short, all Mr. Chalmers's most hypothetical assumptions, we still cannot help thinking it questionable whether the most enterprising traveller, to say nothing of the nervous old ladies incidentally alluded to, would be willing to entrust his person and carpet-bag to the tender mercies of a "buoyant" railroad on a stormy night. In fact, there is only one proposition throughout the whole of Mr. Chalmers's volume to which we can unhesitatingly subscribe, viz. that it would be much better for Europe were the capital, that is wasted in useless warfare, invested in peaceful undertakings—even in the attempt to construct submarine railways.

East and West; or, Once upon a Time. By J. Frazer Corkran. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.) These volumes do not, as their name might seem to imply, contrast India and America, but content themselves with the smaller range of "West-end" and "East-end." The sorrowful needs of the latter in the Spitalfields district have touched the author keenly, and he writes with love of his fellow, flowing out of a kindly heart that would fain devise a remedy for all the ills that flesh is heir to. For this he introduces high-born ladies from the West playing the part of ministering angels, and for this he paints Wesleyan ministers such as Wesleyan ministers never were or could be, as models of teachers and friends of the people. The first volume is full of portraits of men and manners minutely delineated, too minutely perhaps for the parts they play in the plot; but it is in the last volume, amid the stirring scenes of Paris in '48, that Mr. Corkran shows himself specially at home. Here it is evidently an eye-witness who describes the fantastic doings of a Parisian mob, for there are fine touches that only an eye-witness could have thrown in; and here is an admirable description of the theatre where Rachel is to sing the "Marseillaise." There are admirable pieces of description and satire in the accounts of the National Ateliers, the Clubs, &c.; while the more terrible incidents—the murder of the General who came to offer peace; that of the good Archbishop in the act of cautiously descending "the barricade," for the large paving-stones of which it was found were slipping from under his feet,—are rather hinted at than described. The plot we shall leave for readers to unravel—the long search for the lost wife and child, so sadly found at last; but we cannot close these volumes, in which the author has unconsciously portrayed his own good heart more clearly than that of any of his characters, without expressing our regret that his knowledge of French Socialism and its absurdities should not have prevented his adopting the Political Economy creed of Ruskin and Co. Authors who persist in placing philanthropy in antagonism to a science of simple facts will never command more than a passing attention from the thoughtful few. "Mercy and Truth have met together;" they have "kissed each other." As sisters they can do much for our labouring classes; as enemies, nothing. When we hear Mr. Corkran's plea for unskilled labour, that it should be "fed, clothed, and housed," one is tempted to ask whether he ever heard of a union workhouse.

We have received the following books and pamphlets:—*Lectures on Modern History*: Clerical Papers, by "One of our Club" (J. H. and J. Parker);

A Manual of the Sub-Kingdom Calentera, by Joseph Reay Greene, B.A.; *Cressus, King of Lydia*, a Tragedy, by Major Richards; second edition (Longman and Co.); *The Shipwrecked Mariner* for October, a quarterly Maritime Magazine (Morris); *Du Pouvoir Temporel et de la Souveraineté Pontificale* (Poulet-Malassis, Paris); *The Journal of Sacred Literature* (Williams and Norgate); *The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* (Bernard Quaritch); *The New Quarterly Review* (Hardwicke); *Demosthenes' Oration* (Bohn's Classical Library); *German Examination Papers: Frobenius's Elements of the German Language* (D. Nutt); *Report of the Oriental Translation Committee* (Harrison); *The White Sculptor* (Ward and Lock); *The Christian's Breadbasket* (Houlston and Wright); *The Progress of Economic Science: Specimens of the New Edition of the Popular Encyclopedia* (from the Publishers).

MAGAZINE.

The Westminster Review (October, 1861). The first article in the current number is a review of Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Lectures on the Study of History*, in which the writer, after remonstrating with Mr. Smith for the contemptuous impatience of men and systems he dislikes, and exposing a few of his most important misrepresentations, proceeds to examine the main purpose of the lecture. This, as our readers will recollect, is to repudiate the application of scientific methods to reasoning upon human affairs. The reviewer, on the other hand, very ably defends the scientific theory of history from Mr. Goldwin Smith's onslaught, and implicitly shows the inductive method to be "applicable not only to the physical but to the moral sciences." The Professor of History rests his argument upon the doctrine of free will, and seems to charge those who assume his views with accepting the other doctrine of necessity. They do nothing of the sort. The scientific view of history, says the reviewer, stands upon its own proof:—

"It accepts and adopts the practical conclusions of both parties. The common sense of mankind seems to have assumed that the will possesses an immense power of subduing, circumventing, forming, character, and regulating action. All that has been said of its force, of its efforts, struggles, and independence, is taken in its practical sense as beyond question; as a fact, all admit that man has his destiny in his own keeping. On the other hand, it is no less universally assumed that this will works by intelligible methods, consistently follows motives, is therefore a fit subject for methodical observation, systematic calculation, and scientific reasoning, and is compatible with (at least) Divine prevision. Now both of these points of view are absolutely necessary to the scientific view of history. No theory can insist more strongly upon the power of the will. None more distinctly reconciles it with the possibility of prevision."

Now, although we, for the most part, agree with the reviewer, having in a previous number taken the same view of these lectures as he now does, it appears to us too much to expect from Mr. Smith an assent to its truth. That gentleman is evidently one of those who are comprehended under the term "general public," and to whom the only criterion of truth is the unanimity principle. It is to this principle modern philosophy must appeal when it comes before the public. Since, therefore, the scientific theory of history has not yet received the unanimous consent of those who might be thought to be competent judges, we must expect such lectures as those of the Oxford Regius Professor. We cannot abstain from quoting from the article the following remarks on a spirit of criticism which, we lament, is becoming prevalent in this country:—

"There flourishes a species of literature which seems to regard all things in heaven and earth as mere raw material for epigrams. According to this school, art consists in pitching on some funny point on the surface of the subject, which is made a peg for a string of witticisms. The favourite 'mot' is worked and twisted inside out, until little intelligible meaning remains. . . . The process is simple enough. The art consists in grinning down your opponent. You select that point which seems to you most easily made ludicrous, and then you have to place it in an odious light. You may be a very good fellow yourself, but you have to represent yourself as a perfect cynic, and incapable of a gentle feeling. You must be particularly gruff with women. It shows that you are superior to cant. Parallels are useful: they show scholarship. You should compare the statesmen of the day to Wat Tyler and Titus Oates, and foreign monarchs to Attila and Heliogabalus. With religion you need

not trouble yourself: it will suffice to be generally pungent and funny. If you think a man a baboon, say so. If you differ from an opinion, call it execrable. If you speak of a man, do so as if he had done you a deadly wrong. It gives brilliancy to the style. Personalities are permissible, if you are master of Greek. Should you know a bit of gossip, add with it: it will certainly amuse; besides, it might give pain. In a word, you will assume that whatever you disagree with, which will naturally include most things, is utterly grotesque and foul, and of course if you think so you must say so in plain terms. We must say that we are rather tired of this sort of thing. It is quite Americanizing our literature. It is so eternally smart, jesting, like other things, grows spasmodic; and we do not want men to be cudgeling their brains all day to imitate Jemits. There are other things in the world besides sarcasms common sense and grim fun, and we should like to see it remembered that courteousness, thoughtfulness, and sympathy are not yet utterly unmanly.

The article which follows this, on History, is headed with the very comprehensive title "Biography, Past and Present," but by no means exhausts the subject on which it treats. The present year being the jubilee year of the *Biographie Universelle*, furnishes the occasion for a review of that well-known work, the success of which, as compared with similar collections by other nations, the author attributes "to the uniform ease and perspicuity of its style; in the next, to the amplitude of its contents; and in the third, to the skill with which the several families of lives are placed and held in relation to one another." It is not the best paper we have read on the subject. Here is one of the observations it contains:—"All the greater and some of the lesser prophets of the Hebrew nation had closed their scrolls of invectives against Nineveh and Babylon, Memphis and Damascus, before literature streaked with its first uncertain rays the horizon of Greece. The morning, however, broke rapidly forth, and the vast and full-orbed disk of Homer early demands the attention of the biographer." The number contains also a very pleasing abstract of those important and deeply interesting volumes, *A Journey to the Great Salt Lake City*, by Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley; a review of some recent works on the late Count Cavour; an article on "Trades Unions;" one on "The American Confederacies;" and one on "The Apocalypse." This last is characterized by much eloquence, and the writer shows himself possessed at once of a thorough knowledge of the subject and of the art of criticism; but there is exhibited occasionally by him a smile of triumph over those who might differ from him, which he could well have repressed, and which can effect no good purpose. His conclusion seems to be that the Apocalypse was written by a Jew-Christian named John, who is apparently not one of the apostles, and not the writer of the fourth Gospel; that its author accepted, arranged, and revised the existing Apocalyptic elements, borrowing freely from the elder prophets, and converting what he had so taken to his own special purposes; that the work—"a daring and wildly beautiful poem"—was composed before the destruction of Jerusalem and during the reign of Galba, that is to say, in A.D. 69. The reviewer, emulating Dr. Cumming and his brother pundits, speculates on the arithmetical enigma of the thirteenth chapter, and, half seriously, half jokingly, we suppose, conjectures that the "beast" of the Revelations must be taken to mean the "Roman Empire." Singularly enough, too, the Greek equivalent, Η ΑΑΤΙΝΗ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ, translated into numbers, amounts exactly to six hundred and sixty-six.

BOOKS ANNOUNCED.

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PHENOMENA OF SOLAR ECLIPSES.

IN the highly interesting account of the solar eclipse of July 18th, 1860, rendered to the British Association by the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Airy expresses, in reference to two or three phenomena attending total eclipses of the sun generally, opinions which appear to me, to say the least, open to grave doubts. Will you, therefore, permit me to call attention to them? My own direct means of judging consist, firstly, in photographs of the moon, taken on glass, and microscopically examined—a mode of examination, so far as I know, first applied by myself; secondly, in direct observation. The instrument at my command is a comparatively small astronomical telescope, of 3½ inches aperture, but for the purposes chiefly of lunar observation, rendered, at a small cost, as effective as the largest refractor, by the substitution, for the common ocular, of a microscopical combination of achromatic lenses, the whole made by the Messrs. Merz, of Munich (the successors to Fraunhofer), arranged according to my own suggestion, and considered by them "a valuable application for the greater efficiency and power of telescopes." The arrangement, indeed, offers some important and peculiar advantages, though, naturally, it has its disadvantages also. The magnifying power I commonly employ is three hundred; under particularly favourable circumstances, and for a particular purpose, however, I have been able to use a power of twelve hundred and upwards, with advantage.

The first point on which I would offer a few remarks is the phenomenon known as "Bailey's beads," and positively discredited by the Astronomer Royal. His argument, as reported in the public papers, amounts to this:—Because he has "looked carefully, and with good telescopes," for the phenomenon, without seeing it; therefore the phenomenon does not exist; and that those who have seen it must have

deceived themselves, or, to use Mr. Airy's own words, "must have had the misfortune to look through bad telescopes." With all due deference to the Astronomer Royal, I cannot help regarding his argument as devoid of scientific, as well as of historical and logical foundation. Or on what scientific principles are we to explain the optical appearance at annular and total solar eclipses only, of that peculiar phenomenon "Bailey's beads," considered as a special and temporary defect of the telescopes employed? Among the more recent observers of the phenomenon I need only name, besides Mr. Bailey, Baron von Zach, Professor Bessel, and Captain Jacob, well known as most careful observers, and certainly provided with no bad telescopes. In a case of such rare occurrence as an annular or a total eclipse of the sun, no one, in reference to some particular phenomenon, can rationally oppose the negative testimony of his personal experience to the positive testimony of the experience of other astronomers; much less can he, logically, characterize that experience as an optical delusion. In addition to this, however, the phenomenon has been most satisfactorily explained by Bessel (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 320) and Dr. Maedler (*Der Mond*, p. 148; *Popul. Astronomie*, 6th edit., 1861, p. 182), from the known physical peculiarities of the lunar surface, and in accordance with established laws of optics. The lunar mountain-ridges, as seen during annular and total eclipses of the sun, and as described by Von Zach, Bessel, and Mr. Secchi, appear in some photographs to perfection under the microscope. By direct observation I have not succeeded in distinguishing them, though at times I have fancied just to catch, as it were, their diffused shadow.

The second point subjected to remark is the corona, "the whole train of observations on which leads him (Professor Airy) to believe that there was some reflecting medium . . . something like an atmosphere . . . extending almost, if not quite, from the earth to the moon . . . or possibly further." I may be permitted to observe that an attempt has lately been made by me to prove the material nature of space, that is to say, the material nature of the unagglomerated or unitary portion of the Cosmos, as distinguished from its agglomerated portion. At the same time I advanced an hypothesis, according to which every heavenly body must be supposed to have an atmosphere (though not necessarily charged with vapours), the volume of which is equal to its own volume. Hence the height of the atmosphere of any heavenly body would be $= \left[\left(\sqrt{2} \cdot r^2 \right) - r \right]$, and the greatest altitude at which it would sustain vapours reflecting light, if we term that height a , would be $= \sqrt{a}$, which, in the case of the earth, agrees with observation, the direct visibility of any atmosphere depending on the vapours floating in it. Upon this principle, the height of the moon's atmosphere, at her mean distance, and that of the Sun at the moon's distance, from the earth, would appear to us, both of them, to subtend an angle of between 6' and 7'; while the radius of the cone of that mutual action between the sun and the earth, from which I suppose the phenomena of terrestrial heat, and partly also of light, to result, at the moon's distance, should, abstractedly speaking, appear to us to be nearly 57'; though perceptible in space to our power of vision, it would probably not extend beyond 30' or 35', i.e. about 15' or 20' around the moon in conjunction with the sun. According to this hypothesis, the inner corona, which appears during the totality of solar eclipses, should consist of coloured light, and, inasmuch as it belongs to the moon, have the centre of the moon, and inasmuch as it belongs to the sun, have the centre of the sun, for its centre; while the outer corona should consist of white light, and have a point, at the moon's distance, in the line joining the centres of the sun and the earth for its centre. And this hypothesis would seem to me to explain, and perfectly so, all the phenomena of the corona noticed, so far at least as observations and estimates, varying so greatly as they actually do in this case, admit of positive deductions.

The third point, upon which I have once more the misfortune to differ altogether from the Astronomer Royal, relates to the red prominences, which he believes to form "parts of the sun," and in reference to which he is reported to have said that, by comparing the positions of some of those promi-

nences, as they appear on five small photographs taken by Mr. Secchi, with their corresponding positions on two large photographs taken by Mr. De La Rue, he "had obtained positive proof of their being (physically) connected with the sun."

Mr. Secchi is of a similar opinion. He measured the angles of position—at the commencement and at the end of the total obscuration—of what he believes to be the same identical protuberance as it appears in the two photographs, and found a difference between them of 6° (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1275), an angle of itself so small as to allow no certain inference to be drawn from it, while admitting of a ready explanation. This is evidently also Mr. D'Abbadie's opinion, who, "notwithstanding his deference to Mr. Secchi's authority, does not think that he has succeeded in proving the concrete reality of these mysterious protuberances" (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1290).

Professor von Feilitzsch, who observed the total eclipse of 1860 at Castellon de la Plana, had gone to Spain "for the special purpose of determining by accurate measurements the rate of velocity at which the protuberances decrease in height about the eastern border of the moon, and increase about its western border, with the view to comparing the results with the velocity of the simultaneous apparent motion of the moon across the sun's disk" (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1278). And the conclusion at which he arrives on the ground of extremely careful observations and calculations, not only from his own results, but also from those of previous measurements effected by Messrs. Mauvais and Petit, D'Abbadie and Struve, he states in these words:—"It may thus be considered as proved that the red prominences are no parts of the solar body physically connected with it, and which during the progress of the moon before the sun's disk gradually appear upon one of its borders, and gradually disappear upon the other" (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1278, p. 90).

Mr. Rümker, of the Hamburger Sternwarte, who likewise observed the eclipse of 1860 at Castellon de la Plana, has on similar grounds been led to similar conclusions. In his opinion (*Die totale Sonnenfinsterniss am 18 Juli, 1860*, p. 13), the red prominences "cannot possibly have a material existence;" and "everything appears to him to indicate that the whole of the phenomena which, during a total eclipse of the sun, surround the lunar disk are of a purely optical origin."

The Astronomer Royal does not allude to either of these results, but attaches great weight to the diametrically opposite view expressed by Dr. Bruhns, who observed at Tarazona, and who informs us himself (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1292, p. 310, note 2), that his observations only rest on estimates of the angles of positions and the dimensions of the protuberances, "the high wind (at Tarazona) rendering it impossible for him to take measurements." Moreover, Dr. Bruhns' opinion is derived from the calculation of one single protuberance upon the eastern (by him both inconsistently and erroneously termed the western) border of the moon.* Since Mr. Airy, however, looks upon the result of that calculation as "conclusive," it deserves to be examined. Nearly two minutes before the commencement of the total eclipse, at 2h. 48.4m. true time at Tarazona, Dr. Bruhns first saw the protuberance in question. He estimated its angle of position at 35° , its distance from the northern cusp of the sun at one minute in time. From the two latter elements he subsequently deduces the true angle of position to have been 42.3° , showing a difference between the two modes of estimating, equal to an angle of 7.3° , at the moon's centre. At about 6.3m. after the total obscuration, or about 11.6m. after the first observation, Dr. Bruhns sees the protuberance vanish to the eye; but he estimates that in two minutes more it would have been touched by the northern cusp of the sun, the angle of position of which at 8.3m. after the total obscuration he computes at 12.9° , and hence at 3h. 2.1m. true time at Tarazona, the angle of position of the protuberance at 16.0° . It is thus he finds that, assuming the protuberance to be con-

nected with the moon, it would follow that it had shifted its position upon the lunar border by an angle of 26.3° in 13.7m. On the contrary, computing the lunar angles of position of 48.8° and 12.9° , as referred to the centre of the sun, to correspond to 43.4° and 32.3° respectively, he obtains for the solar angles of position of the protuberance 36.6° at 2h. 48.4m., and 35.5° at 3h. 2.1m.—"an agreement as near as need be desired," and showing the protuberance to be physically connected with the sun.

What this supposition implies the linear height of the prominence to have been at 3h. 2.1m., I will not even inquire. It may suffice us to know the elevation which Dr. Bruhns' actual observation, by estimate about the middle of the total eclipse, assigns to it. The protuberance then appeared to him "to grow considerably," and he was able to trace its "flame-like" appearance to the height of from $3'$ to $4'$; the sun's apparent semi-diameter at Tarazona being $15.75'$, that of the moon $16.55'$. Hence, taking the sun's real semi-diameter at 441,000 miles, the real height of the protuberance, if physically connected with the sun, must at that time have been from 107,150 to 135,350 English miles above the sun's surface—a linear distance exceeding from 13 to 17 times that of the diameter of the earth, and which it would take a railway-engine, speeding along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, from three to four months to accomplish.

That the Astronomer Royal should have overlooked the startling improbability of such a height, seems surprising; but it is more surprising still that, attaching as he does so much importance to the result of Dr. Bruhns' calculation, he should not have been struck with its glaring error. Dr. Bruhns, at 8.3m. after the total obscuration, making the angle of position of the sun's northern cusp on the moon's disk = $+12.9^\circ$ —simply an impossibility—instead of -12.9° . With this error, Dr. Bruhns' whole argument falls to the ground. According to his observation, the prominence in question could belong neither to the sun nor to the moon; because that observation supposes it to have shifted its position, within less than a quarter of an hour, either by more than 50° upon the moon's border, or by more than 30° upon the border of the sun. And this suggests to us at once the true explanation. During the interval of more than a minute's time, which Dr. Bruhns informs us elapsed between his two last observations of the prominence in question, it vanished; and when, towards the end of the total obscuration, he "looked again through the telescope, and found the appearance of the protuberances, more particularly upon the western (eastern) border greatly changed, the protuberance in question having returned to its former well-defined form and size." Dr. Bruhns mistook for it a prominence which Mr. Rümker tells us sprang up at the northern extremity of what he terms a sierra, assuming the shape of a high obtuse cone, just before the very time of Dr. Bruhns' last observation, and in the very position assigned by him. For close upon the end of the total observation, Mr. Rümker (p. 9) measured its elevation to be 50° , and its true angle of position he found to be 34.4° , or -15.3° , which differs from Dr. Bruhns' estimated position only by $\frac{1}{2}^\circ$.

Sr. Aguilar (*Astron. Nachr.*, No. 1274-5) remarks: "Al desaparecer el sol se notó en su limbo una fuerte ondulacion, como si se compusiera el disco de una materia líquida ó pastosa." Perhaps it is this remark which has suggested to the Astronomer Royal the truly marvellous idea, that "if the sun be constantly boiling up," the red protuberances might be produced by fumes, and undergo within two hours such changes, as to reconcile the drawings made of them by two English officers at Vancouver's Island, with the photographs taken in Spain—an idea which appears to me hardly to require a comment. Nor need I enter into the reasoning by which Mr. Airy endeavours to explain the fact, that of prominences on the sun's border, "boiling up" to the height of upwards of a hundred thousand miles, or to more than one-fourth of the sun's semi-diameter, no trace is discoverable either by sight or by measurement, at any other time save during the totality of a solar eclipse.

What would of itself seem to decide the question is, that while the red prominences are not commonly

seen upon the borders of the sun, they are seen upon those of the moon, at all favourable times, and in the self-same places. In their general outlines I have traced them, by direct telescopic vision, as extended mountain-undulations, rising to about $1'$ or more above the surface of a greatest sphere contained within the lunar body; and few objects have struck me more forcibly than one of those peculiar formations which I think I may venture to recognize in Mr. Rümker's protuberance iv, to which he assigns a position of about 200° .

These formations, first observed, so far as I know, by myself, and among the number of which I have more particularly noticed a second one, standing out in bold relief against the sky, upon the very edge of the moon's north-eastern border, are of a conical shape, somewhat wider at the base than at the top, which is surrounded by a rim, projecting perhaps $2'$ or $2\frac{1}{2}'$ over the sides of the cone, and as much over the interior rounded plane, by which it is terminated, and the diameter of which may measure from $12'$ to $15'$, while the height of the cone itself, abruptly rising out of wildly-rugged, deep, dark, broken ground, may be from $20'$ to $25'$, or more. They seem to be inclined to the moon's surface at angles varying from 90° to 30° , thus assuming somewhat the appearance of colossal hanging towers. The one which I am inclined to recognize in Mr. Rümker's protuberance iv. (its difference of position at the time being accounted for by the difference in libration), I observed to be of comparatively large proportions; its top-plane appeared brilliantly white; its upper half of a faint copper-colour, with the light playing about its various parts; but the colour both darkening and deepening towards its base, lost in the shadows of the rugged entourage—shadows, however, which, in my telescope, lose that unearthly sharpness and blackness which usually distinguishes them in powerful instruments, and assume a transparent and, as indeed everything else does, if I may so term it, a more natural appearance.

In the lunar photographs I have not been able to positively distinguish these peculiar features; on the other hand, they represent the "red prominences" as upper lunar mountain-ranges with such general accuracy as to leave no doubt as to their identity. But what is far more interesting still, they also, when microscopically examined, explain, and fully explain, the only difficulty which really exists, or thus far has existed, against that supposition, namely, the circumstance that, while the moon is passing across the sun's disk from west to east, the "red prominences" about the eastern borders of the moon decrease in elevation, while those upon the western borders of the moon are seen to increase. Most of your readers, I presume, are familiar with those beautiful photographic views on glass, which represent with such admirable fidelity the character of icy regions of the earth. Well, the lunar photographs, under the microscope, show us the same fidelity, the icy (or similarly-transparent) character of those lunar mountain-ranges which, during a total eclipse of the sun, afford us the spectacle of what is so unpoetically termed the red "protuberances," a spectacle to which the Swiss Alps offer a perfect terrestrial analogy in that magnificent phenomenon the "Alpenglühen," or the Alpine glow. This view accounts perfectly, so far as I can see, for every one of those hitherto apparently irreconcilable features, connected with what I may now term THE LUNAR MOUNTAIN-GLOW, as observed from the earth during total eclipses of the sun.

My object in offering these remarks has been a threefold one,—namely, to direct attention to what I conceive to be the true nature of the phenomena discussed; to the advantages of a microscopic ocular, more especially for the purpose of observing the physical peculiarities of the moon, and as enabling private persons of limited means to provide themselves, at a moderate cost, with a most efficient instrument; and lastly, to the importance of good photographs of the sun, the moon, and other heavenly bodies, taken on glass for the purpose of microscopical examination.

G.

* The lithographed copy of Dr. Bruhns' drawings, which was to have been delivered with a subsequent number of the *Astron. Nachrichten*, I have not received; but his descriptive text is sufficiently clear without it, and, as he distinctly terms the lower the northern border of the moon, excludes every doubt.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence, October 6.

On the evening of October the 2nd, King Victor Emmanuel gave his Florentine subjects a magnificent ball at the Pitti Palace:—his Florentine subjects and a vast number of their guests from all the parts of Italy. Indeed, so numerous are the strangers now in Florence, attracted by the great industrial gathering and show, that it is probable that more non-Tuscans than Tuscans were present. Nothing could be less exclusive than the system on which the invitations were issued. As far as foreigners, and especially our own countrymen are concerned, nothing could be more liberal than the all-embracing hospitality of the new Court. At all times under the old governments it was always very easy for Englishmen to obtain admission to the abundant hospitalities of the little courts. There was an English resident minister to be sure, the theory of whose duty used to be that none could be presented at a foreign court save such as had been presented at St. James's; and the presentation once achieved, the individual presented was at liberty to attend all court concerts and balls for the remainder of his natural life. We know that a presentation at St. James's does not entail any such consequences. But this rule did not open the gates of the court paradise widely enough. To have been presented to any of H.B.M. representatives in any of the various dependencies of Great Britain was held to be equivalent to presentation to H.B.M. in person. He or she who could not boast of having approached within speaking distance of an Irish viceroy might yet have received the reflected beams of royalty in Canada, Australia, India, Malta, Gibraltar, some West India island, or New Zealand. And the negative was, as usual, hard of proof in such cases. And as if even this latitude was not sufficient, more than one English minister has received a hint that the hospitable prince to whose court he was accredited would be well pleased that he should not inquire very curiously into the claims of those of his countrymen who were anxious to express their respect for a foreign sovereign, and drink his champagne.

Still, in those anti-revolutionary days there was a minister, who could at his discretion decline to give access to the charmed circle to really objectionable candidates for the honour. But now the Pitti doors seem, as far at least as the English are concerned, to be thrown open to all comers. It is necessary, indeed, to be provided with a card of invitation; but as these are issued in numbers and in blank to all the bankers, as well as to the English consul, our countrymen have but to ask and to receive. How far a similar liberality has been extended to other foreigners I know not, but the result of the kindly Royal adhesion to the principle of "the more the merrier" was very evident at the recent ball.

The number of invitations issued are said to have been two thousand five hundred. But even this number was far from enough to crowd inconveniently the magnificent rooms of the Pitti. The ball was given in the state rooms on the "piano nobile," or first floor of the palace. In grand-ducal times only full-dress balls were given there; and those less stately festivals which were intended more for enjoyment than magnificence took place in a suite of rooms on the second floor. Upon this occasion, however, though the rooms were the state rooms, the whole of the company cannot be said to have been "in a concatenation accordingly." White ties were the only specially indispensable adornment of the lords of creation; and really, to judge by some of the specimens present of the ladies of creation, no change whatever in a sad-coloured morning dress was deemed necessary.

Of course these were, however, only rare black spots in the galaxy of diamonds, and white shoulders almost as dazzling, and lovely faces more attractive to the eye than either. The great defect in the general appearance of the ball arose from the very large preponderance of men. Nevertheless, the *coup d'œil* was a very splendid one. A large part of the rooms of the picture gallery were thrown open and brilliantly lighted, in addition to the usual suite of rooms used on such occasions; and the effect of the brilliant throng in those matchless halls was very striking.

There were symptoms, very evident to those acquainted with the *carte du pays*, that the "Signoroni" of the Codini are beginning to get tired of unprofitable sulking, and to find out that a king is a king "for a' that, and a' that!" And the extraordinarily magnificent show of diamonds was not a little increased by this tendency to discover on which side the aristocratical bread is buttered.

Although the night was a warm one, the vast and lofty halls of the Pitti were by no means unpleasantly hot, with the exception of the ballroom itself. Of that, indeed, the temperature was something tremendous. We have all heard of the soldier King's immovable coolness and intrepidity under fire in the field. But what is that to exposure for three mortal hours to such an atmosphere as his Majesty endured without flinching in one corner of that ballroom! To ordinary lungs and breasts, not nerved by a sense of duty it seemed impossible to remain in the furnace above some ten minutes at a time. Yet there the Re Galantuomo stood, looking the picture of health and strength and affable good humour, utterly declining, as usual, to take any notice whatever of the magnificent throne-room and its regal seat, prepared in a distant part of the suite of rooms.

I wish I could terminate a letter recording the unbounded hospitality of the King of Italy to his own subjects and to foreigners without having to speak of the way in which that hospitality was abused. In the old times no supper used to be given at the balls in the state rooms, only in those up stairs. But on this occasion a very magnificent hall of vast dimensions was fitted up as a supper room. It was to be opened at one o'clock. For an hour before that time a closely-packed crowd of men assembled before the closed folding-doors of this supper-room. No famished expectants of their dole of soup at a convent door could have stood more anxiously and perseveringly. A huge chandelier hung just above the centre of the crowd, and the draught from an open window near caused the wax to be distributed in thick dropping showers on the heads and persons of those below. Yet there they stood, intent only on the promised food. At last, at about half-past one, the doors were opened, and the foremost of the crowd rushed in, driven forward from behind. So fierce was the rush, the grand master of the ceremonies, who was at the door, ordered it to be forcibly closed in the faces of the advancing crowd. This gentleman then strove, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting a number of ladies pushed through the crowd, and admitted cautiously at the partially-opened door. The hall was furnished with a magnificently ornamented buffet and standing-table along the entire length of one side of it. All along the other were arranged a great number of little tables, each for four persons. Had the guests behaved like civilized men, the ladies would have been seated at these tables by and with their accompanying cavaliers; all would have passed comfortably and pleasantly, and the accommodation thus supplied would have enabled the greater part of those present, and certainly all the ladies, to have partaken of the superb supper in comfort. As it was, it was necessary to smuggle in the ladies in the manner described, to save them from being utterly thrust aside by the stronger animals. When a good many ladies had been by this means admitted, the doors were again opened, and the crowd rushed frantically forward. Then again the doors were feebly closed. And this process was repeated again and again, after the manner in which policemen may have been seen regulating the admission of a very rough mob into some place of public resort. Nor was any of this incredible ruffianism in any wise needed to secure the object of it. The supper provided was ample, and the last corner was served as well and as perfectly as the first.

It was truly mortifying to witness so disgraceful a scene on such an occasion; and to meet with that ruffianism in a court mob, which I have again and again, and truly said, is not to be met with in a crowd of the Florentine people in the streets of Florence.

MEXICO, October 3.

THE Chamber was occupied lately with a debate on the question of retaining or abrogating the protective laws in favour of the tradesmen in the different cities. It was proposed to throw down the barriers

that existed, and thus make it possible for any one to settle in a city as shoemaker, tailor, butcher, baker, &c. According to the present protective system there can be but a certain number of each allowed to exercise their calling; and when a new comer is desirous of setting-up for himself in a town, the difficulties he finds in his way are almost insurmountable. When the proposal above mentioned of freedom in trade was broached, it called forth a perfect storm of petitions, representations, and supplications; every power was employed to avert what was considered so great a calamity. Articles and pamphlets were written to show the injustice of such a law, and to prove that beggary and distress must follow in its wake; and the energy of the opposition has been successful; the law has not passed, and the antiquated state of things still exists. To resist the innovation was in fact a vital question for the Munich trades and handicraftsmen; they foresaw that were others more active, careful, diligent, and attentive men to be admitted they must necessarily lose their customers, and the former dilatory, jog-trot, bungling system receive its death-warrant. The carelessness, inattention, and total want of punctuality in the Munich workmen is beyond description. "Slovenly" is the best term to apply to their mode of doing their work; and if you remonstrate and point out the slovenliness, they express the most unfeigned astonishment at your demand for greater neatness. There is, to them, something as exorbitant in what you demand they shall do, as there would be to you in being asked a guinea for an oyster. They simply cannot conceive how any sane individual can require work to be done otherwise. Not that they are unable to do their work better; they can if they choose; but a lazy, dawdling, slovenly method seems to them so decidedly preferable, they on no account would change it for another as long as it is possible not to do so. What we call "finish," that perfect neatness which we require in work, seems to them a demand indicating a morbid state of mind, an unhealthy craving, which there is no possible necessity for satisfying, nor will they if they can help it: and the new law having been thrown out by a considerable majority, enables them to abide by their determination. In Saxony the very reverse has taken place; there the law not only passed without opposition, but, on the contrary, the class of men who here petitioned against its acceptance declared themselves there in favour of its adoption—a circumstance strikingly characteristic of the disposition of the two peoples. Next year, however, it is the intention of the Bavarian government to take into consideration a plan for removing the restrictions which now make it so difficult for new comers to set-up in trade in the different towns.

A debate took place in the Lower Chamber on the subject of introducing cellular confinement into the Bavarian prisons; though it was opposed energetically by some on the ground of its excessive cruelty, it nevertheless will be adopted with certain modifications. A model prison on this system has been built lately near Berlin, and the authorities told me, when there a year ago, that the results were most satisfactory. The only fault I had to find with the arrangements was this, that the felons confined there were a great deal too well treated. They were rather petted than anything else: any want was immediately attended to, and the slightest indication of a particular talent was at once carefully fostered. Half the care bestowed on non-felonious indigence would have gone far to diminish the number of the inmates of the prison.

I lately alluded to the regret felt by the Austrian artists at the small amount of space allotted to them in the Great Exhibition of 1862. They have received an answer to their remonstrance from the London committee, to the effect that their wishes cannot be complied with. They will however have room given them in the gallery adjoining the space appropriated to the artists of Germany. This announcement has been favourably received.

The Munich University is about to experience another loss. Professor Bluntschli, a jurist of acknowledged merit, a recognized authority, is on the point of leaving for Heidelberg. He is a Swiss by birth, and is one of those men called hither by the present King. It was but the other day that Professor Sybel quitted Munich for Bonn. Bluntschli as well as

Sybel belong to the Prussian party, and both wrote in the *Süd-deutsche Zeitung*, which is an acknowledged Prussian organ. Not that this circumstance has anything to do with his departure. Bluntschli is desirous of having another sphere of action, apart from that which naturally belongs to his position as Professor. He wished to form a part of the executive power, which here, from the nature of things, was not so easy as it might be with us. Moreover, from his known adhesion to the Prussian party, it could hardly be expected that he should be taken into the councils of the King of Bavaria; the interests of each being diametrically opposite to those of the other. He leaves this in November, to the great regret of all, for he will not easily be replaced. The architect Zwirner, who has hitherto conducted so successfully the works for the completion of Cologne Cathedral, died some days ago; his assistant succeeds to his post.

Miss Nightingale's book on nursing the sick has appeared in a German translation. The work is much praised for its practical utility, and for the many common-sense rules it gives about the management of a sick-room. It is fully appreciated here. Whether a German version which I have seen of Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* will be as much read I am at a loss to say. I was surprised to see that the work was translated, as the Germans are not inclined to look to England for additional enlightenment on philosophical matters. Perhaps, however, Mr. Tupper's work may have undeceived them; they may have discovered that from England, after all, a light has come which is able to irradiate their obscurity. It is a question, however, whether a German professor would consider this desirable. To illumine thus a philosophical treatise might seem to him a profanation; it would be like letting in the garish day upon the solemn tempered light of a cathedral; like rubbing away from an old bronze the mellow colouring of time, and polishing it up to look like a new shilling. Some men have no taste for "crystal clearness;" and assuredly German Professors of Philosophy are among the number. It is, then, a question how they will receive Mr. Tupper.

The great desire of Liszt's heart is at length accomplished. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar has named him one of his chamberlains. There were obstacles in the way of the great pianist holding such a post, a certain rank being an indispensable qualification. Since the Emperor of Austria has conferred on him the Order of the Iron Crown all difficulty has been removed, as this Order ennobles the wearer. He will now wear the small buttons on his coat over the hip, and—be happy.

The master of the chapel at Stuttgart, the composer Kücken, has just resigned his post, on account of a second master having been appointed. He is especially known for the many beautiful songs which he has written; and there is perhaps no living composer of song-music in Germany more popular than he.

I should inform you that a new translation of Dante, by a thoroughly able scholar, is about to appear. Witte's name will be familiar to all who have occupied themselves with Dante literature, and he it is who has performed the arduous task. The German version is to be in the same metre as the original, but not in rhyme, which enables the translator to keep closer to his text than it would otherwise be possible for him to do. Some time ago the sonnets of Dante were translated in this manner by Dr. Kraft, of Ratisbon, and it was impossible not to acknowledge that when the lines were so rhythmically rendered, the music of rhyme might be dispensed with without its want being painfully felt. But for such a work an ear of great delicacy is necessary; it is an essential requisite, and without it the most faithful rendering will fail to impart to the reader a notion of what the original is like.

MATIENCE (MAINZ), Sept. 3.

Sir,—In giving a few archaeological and ethnological sketches and observations suggested during an autumn tour through some of the less generally frequented portions of Germany, it is not my intention to trespass upon the province which Murray has, in his guide-book, made so completely his own, and in which he has been followed with less taste and correctness by Bradshaw. I purpose to

treat on subjects which, either from their too great antiquity or novelty, have escaped his notice, and with which fifty years of intimate acquaintance with her literature and her soil, and of constant and favoured intercourse with many of the most distinguished of her writers, should enable me to deal. And first I may mention, for the benefit of those who may follow in my footsteps, that in my progress out a fact came under my notice which, when generally known, will do something, I think, to change entirely the general route from England to the Continent. This is, that a connection of railroad from the Dutch to the German complicity of Eisenbahnen is being taken up by the governments of the States-General and Hanover; a connecting line is being formed from the neat town of Arnheim, on the branch of the Rhine called the Waal, the Latin Valhals, cutting the Hanoverian route from Hanover to Emden, somewhere about the small town of Rheuse. When this junction has been effected, by a rule laid on a map of Europe, a straight line may be drawn which shall intersect London, Harwich to Rotterdam, and Hanover, and which through Guelderland will be marked exactly by the same stroke of the pencil, and again, prolonged, will enter the network of continental railways to Berlin, Königsberg, and St. Petersburg to the north, and thence to Nova Zembla, or the Lord knows where. Southwards a continuity of accelerated road may be found to Constantinople, and possibly, ultimately, to Indus and the Ganges.

Bruges is a town which has, I think, not been sufficiently appreciated by topographers or travellers, as decidedly it is much more interesting to the antiquarian, architect, or artist than either Ghent or Malines (Mechlin); and the care with which the remains of mediæval art are kept up or restored deserves the highest praise. The Hôtel de Ville is being renovated, quite in the good taste of its earliest builder; and the Chapel of the Holy Blood, with its gorgeous windows, is perhaps the only remaining building in which, from a Catholic point of view, the blood shed at Golgotha is worthily housed. At Hales Owen, in Shropshire, and by the Guelts, at their oldest German domicile of Ravensburg, near the Boden See (Lake Constance), splendid edifices were built to receive the precious drops, but both are now desecrated by the meanest secular appropriations. But of course the principal attraction for a stranger is the Hospice de St. Jean, and the paintings of Hans Memling, which are kept in an ancient chapel of the institution, with the celebrated shrine, and other paintings by his brush. The building itself is being reconstructed on a very enlarged plan, the hospital being built on the two sides of a hollow square, the rooms on one side being for the male patients, and the opposite wing for the females, with the doctors and superintendents in the centre; the execution in very neat brickwork. We are promised, as I was informed by an intelligent priest on the road to Ghent, a new and exhaustive description of this interesting place, with excellent illustrations, and new particulars of the life of Memling, from the municipal archives, from which it appears that, far from being the wretched pauper and outcast that we have been hitherto content to believe him, he could not only pay for his cure and recovery from a dangerous disease to which the hospital had administered, but was in a condition to lend money to the town on interest.

The beautiful shrine, as is well known, contains the entire legend of St. Ursula and her companion virgin martyrs in six compartments (three on each side) of a reliquary in form of a church, with a high roof, but without a steeple, and the whole is richly ornamented.

But, as regards the legend, there seems a radical error, from a geographical mistake of the word Britannia, which, in ancient Latin chronicles, signified both Bretagne and Britain. These veritable *raconteurs*, though they sometimes give the island of Heligoland as the place of her departure, more usually agree in Cornwall, whence she and her entire suite of eleven thousand virgins took their departure for Köln (Cologne), *via* Basle, to Rome. They describe their reception and benediction by the holy Father, and their entire martyrdom by the barbarians of Attila's army in that city, sanctified previously by the blood of St. Gereau, and

the Theban legend, as well as subsequently by the acquisition of the heads of the three Wise Men of the East, so famous throughout Europe, and England, in particular, as the "three Kings of Coln."

What makes the above error in locality of Ursula's departure so probable, is the name of Conan; sometimes mentioned as of her father, sometimes as that of a betrothed; a name we never meet in English annals, but of very common occurrence in the early histories of Bretagne amongst her princes. Nor can we admit anything of a numeral property in the name of *Undecimilla*, from which the collective large *cortège* of the young princess has been coined. It will be a relief to our own history to take the name but as that of an individual female, and rescue the legend from much difficulty, particularly as regards believing that eleven thousand virgins could be simultaneously collected for emigration, when the population of England was not a tenth of her present number; or that a vessel in the then infancy of navigation could be found capacious enough for so large an amount of female beauty. But it would also rescue the growing good taste of the city of Köln, it is to be hoped, from the disgusting exhibition of a whole chapel filled with grinning skulls, each in a separate pigeon-hole compartment. This revolting spectacle, however, dates no later than 1658—ten years later than when the Protestant religion had gained complete security and equality by the peace of Westphalia. But it must be considered that Köln at that period, and still, rejoices in the title of Cismontane Rome. To finish, however, this digression to Köln, it would be desirable for any student of art not to be prevented by these specimens of female mortality from pencilling a good crucifix, on a pillar under the organ, and ten figures of apostles painted on slate, one with the date 1224.

Ghent is situated at the confluence of three streams, Lys, Lievre, and More, into the Scheldt; its situation must necessarily be low, and, in fact, except about the Hôtel de Ville, no rise is perceptible in the entire town. The secularization of the numerous monasteries in the town has necessarily given rise to great alterations in its topography; some of the largest have been demolished, and new streets or nearer access to different parts of the town thereby obtained, as afterwards was observable at Köln, and most other German cities. The most holy and Catholic sites are now remarkable for little but the great dissoluteness and riot prevailing in the Spithuis or cabarets erected on their site; except indeed where the buildings are left intact or converted into barracks, for which they seem admirably constructed. And no wonder that the monkish monasteries should have undergone secularization when the Church had left so totally the ideas and examples of the beautiful Gothic structures of the mediæval ages, and conformed in every respect to the modern taste for uniformity and ugliness. Nothing, surely, so much shocks the feelings of an antiquary in search of specimens of pure taste and genuine Gothic architecture, which he expects to find in the foundations which he knows date from the earliest ages of Christianity, as to stumble upon a building of stucco and whitewash, with rows of unadorned windows in two or three tiers above each other, and to be told this is the venerated pile his fancy had pictured. He thinks he views a large modern hospital, and hears with regret that all the ancient buildings were demolished, and the present structure perpetrated according to the utilitarian taste of the middle of the last century. A better now prevails. The ancient venerated fanes are now being restored, in accordance with the ideas or plans of the earliest founders, as at Köln, Ulm, and Mainz; and where else new churches are called for, pure Gothic is selected, as at Strasburg, in the new chapel attached to an hospital near the Ill, and in the re-edification, from the plans of George Gilbert Scott of London, of St. Nicholas church at Hamburg, burnt down at the great fire in 1842. This building is a pattern of purest decorated Gothic Art to all Germany.

Mechlin, in French Malines, is the next important town on the route to the Rhine, but, though the seat of an archbishop, will be found less interesting to the antiquary than either of the two preceding places. Its modern mercantile importance, notwithstanding the decay of its former repute for lace, occasioned by the suppression of the nunneries in which these delicate productions were worked, may be con-

siderably increased by becoming the centre from which many, if not all the Belgian railroads radiate; but of this the present writer takes no cognisance.

As a frontier town the language of the inhabitants is almost a mosaic of Flemish, German, and French, and the influence of Holland is felt in the strong guttural intonation given to all three. Another consequence of such locality is the inconvenience of a triple name. *Luik* is vernacular Flemish; *Lüttich* in German, *Liège* in French, are corruptions of the first, which refers to its situation as a watch tower on the surrounding hill; the root *Lug* being found in *Lugdunum Batavorum*, now Leyden, in *Lugdunum Allobrogum*, now Lyons, in the fortress of *Lug*, in the Tyrol, and our own English *look*.

Unwilling, however, to pass the beautiful valley of Vespre, and its rich winding rills, in the dark, it was determined to stop for the night at this place. The hills which form it, and surround Luik, may be said to begin at Louvain, to get to which town we traverse the flat plains of Flanders and Brabant, cultivated to the highest point of production, till we reach Terelement, but then very bleak and denuded of trees, which gave the previous route such a pleasing autumnal variety of foliage. On the first eminence the Duke d'Amchoy has a very conspicuous castle, said to be worthy of a visit.

SCIENCE.

On the Phenomena which may be traced to the presence of a Medium pervading Space. By Daniel Vaughan. (*Philosophical Magazine*, Supplement, June, 1861.)

SECOND NOTICE.

At the close of our last notice, we referred to the various hypotheses which at different periods have been adduced in support of the idea of a pervading æther in space. Amongst others of these hypotheses we recorded that of Mr. Vaughan, which assumes the existence of a resistant medium to the heavenly bodies, from the phenomena of the secondary systems, in which the central body is not luminous. We showed that this author adduces the rings of Saturn in support of his argument, asserting that they once were satellites, but had been gradually dismembered by the resistance of a medium, which slowly and imperceptibly had caused a diminution of the orbit of the secondary bodies, until the said bodies had been brought into "the region of instability," whereupon they became by necessity transformed into the annular character. We shall endeavour, on the present occasion, to follow Mr. Vaughan a little further in his reasoning. It would be premature, he tells us, to suppose that the annular appendage of Saturn has originated in the manner he has described, or that it is to be regarded as an index of mutability in the heavens, if his conclusions were not supported by investigations of a different character. He then discusses the different views which may be taken respecting the nature of the rings in relation to their substance; and after commenting on the conclusions of Professor Maxwell, and briefly noticing the suggestion of Mr. Bond that the rings of Saturn are fluid, he observes, that whatever may be their composition, or whatever proportions of fluid and solid matter enter into them, all the parts must have independent movement around the planet, and velocities depending on their distances from its centre. The attraction of the planet will be an insurmountable obstacle to their conversion—or rather, we suppose, their reconversion—into satellites, and will soon prevent them from concentrating in excessive numbers in any locality; but their incessant action must be attended with a constant development of heat, and a gradual destruction of motion. In con-

sequence of the necessary alteration in the orbit of its parts from this cause, the dimensions of the ring cannot always remain the same; and though it is not likely that the nearest edge is approaching the planet so rapidly as the researches of Struve and Hansen would indicate, yet, as some change of this nature is unavoidable, we cannot resist (so urges our author) the conclusion, that the rings have been introduced into the zone which they now occupy, from one in which their matter could only have existed in the form of two satellites. Accordingly, continues Mr. Vaughan, "there appears to be no ground for any other inference than that I have adopted in regard to the imperceptible diminution of the orbits of secondary planets by the action of a resisting medium."

Thus far Mr. Vaughan bases his conclusions on the condition of the secondary systems of our own solar space; but, not content with the inferences so derived, he asks us next to trace the ultimate effects of an impediment due to the presence of assumed æthereal fluid or medium in the dark systems of remote space. In these ultimate effects he finds an explanation of the temporary stars. He regards these celestial apparitions as indicating "the existence of the æthereal fluid, and as manifesting the great revolutions to which this fluid leads, in the condition of the bodies in space." To combat the theory adopted by Arago and others,—which assumes that the ephemeral exhibition of temporary stars is due to the rotation of great orbs, self-luminous on one side and dark on the other,—Mr. Vaughan urges that to make a partially luminous sphere or spheroid display its brilliancy to the inhabitants of the earth for only seventeen months, while its period of rotation has been estimated at three hundred and nine or three hundred and eighteen years, the surface of the supposed distant sphere must be nearly two hundred million times as great as the part of it sending light to our planet during the period of greatest brilliancy. The light, moreover, must have proceeded from the verge of the invisible disk. And this circumstance, taken in connection with the surprising brilliancy of the star of 1572, together with the invariability of its position, will compel us to ascribe to the spectral orb in question a diameter far exceeding that of Neptune's orbit. Even, therefore, if stellar movements would permit us to suppose the existence of such stupendous spheres, the explanation would be applicable to one or two cases only; so that it is requisite to reject an hypothesis whose claims rest solely on the greater imperfections of others proposed to account for the same phenomena. As a better explanation of the phenomenon in question, Mr. Vaughan teaches that the appearance is more probably due to the dismemberment of a secondary or primary planet brought, by the resistance to its motion in an æthereal medium, into fatal proximity of the central sphere,—an exposition which, he maintains, harmonizes in a very decided manner with the astonishing rapidity with which temporary stars attain their maximum brilliancy, and then assume a comparatively slow and gradual decline.

Investigations respecting the necessary course of physical events in the dark systems afford, the author further opines, still more important evidence in regard to the æthereal contents of space. Were the central body composed of solid matter, or surrounded with an atmosphere of oxygen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid, a development of heat and light might be expected to attend the dilapidation of one of the satellites or the ultimate incorporation of its matter with the great orb; but the appearance

would not correspond to that exhibited by the temporary stars.

"Admitting that a solid globe, almost as large as the sun, may be rendered so highly incandescent as to shine like the star of 1572 at the period of its greatest brilliancy, it would be impossible for it to cool so rapidly as to become invisible in the course of seventeen months. Besides this, it may be easily shown that if our earth had a diameter of eighty thousand miles, with its present density and superficial temperature, our atmosphere would have its density reduced a millionfold, with an elevation of six or seven miles. Thus the greater mass we assign to the central body, the more narrow must we regard the atmospheric region where light can be developed by aerial compression; and the less display of lustre could we expect from this cause when a satellite fell from its stage of planetary existence. But this difficulty will disappear, when we suppose that the æther of space forms for the several great celestial bodies extensive atmospheres, which are rendered luminous by adequate compression, or rather by the chemical action it induces—a theory which becomes necessary to account for the luminosity of meteors, and the perpetual brilliancy of suns."

There are thus, as will be gathered from what we have written up to this point, various arguments and hypotheses in support of the idea of the existence of a pervading æther. Differing widely in detail the one from the other, each view has this in common, that it proceeds on inference alone, or, as the lawyers would say, on circumstantial evidence. The value of the evidence rests, consequently, on its accumulative character, not on any direct fact. The danger of the evidence lies in the absence of direct fact, and on the suspicion that some day a new and more comprehensive theory of the universe, and the forces by which it is animated, may step in and undo the very foundations of our present learning. Meanwhile we are acting most judiciously in accepting, on the evidence adduced, the hypothesis of the existence of an æthereal medium: many a human life has been sacrificed to justice, and many a gigantic human enterprise been accepted on evidence less clear, and far less demonstrative. While therefore we may regret the insufficiency of our knowledge on this particular point, while we may sigh for the day when all these things shall be revealed, we must rest on inference for the present, and remain content.

The thoughts we have here expressed, lead us naturally to the second question, to which we drew attention in our first notice. Granting the existence of an æther of space, what is its nature? Is it matter? And, if matter, is it, as such, allied to any form of matter with which we are conversant?

To answer this question we must begin by asking another, which has, indeed, been put for us by Humboldt, and on the primary solution of which all our ability, all our possible reasons for the discovery of the great and ultimate question entirely turns. This preliminary inquiry suggests, whether, if an æthereal fluid really exists in space, it comes within our reach,—whether, in other words, it commingles, if the term is allowable, with our atmosphere, encircles our bodies, penetrates matter, and from the regions of the illimitable space extends into those infinitudes into which even the microscopic eye has not as yet effectually penetrated? This difficult problem is well put by the great German philosopher:—

"The question of the existence of an æthereal fluid filling the regions of space is closely connected with one warmly agitated by Wollaston in reference

to the definite limit of the atmosphere,—a limit which must naturally exist at the elevation where the specific elasticity of the air is equipoised by the force of gravity. Faraday's ingenious experiments on the limits of an atmosphere of mercury (that is, the elevation at which mercurial vapours precipitated on gold leaf cease perceptibly to rise in an air-filled space) have given considerable weight to the assumption of a definite surface of the atmosphere, similar to the surface of the sea. Can any gaseous particles belonging to the region of space blend with our atmosphere and produce meteorological changes? Newton inclined to the idea that such might be the case.

But if the evidence be at all worth anything on which the hypothesis of a universally diffused æther rests, then it must follow of necessity, in answer to the second question suggested, that the æther of space does extend to the earth itself and to man himself. For if, to take one example, it be true that light is due to the undulations of the circumambient æther, then must the undulating medium be persistent everywhere where light is demonstrable, so that we must accept the idea of its presence immediately around us, in admitting its presence altogether as a part of the universe.

Here, however, speculation, we had almost said, ceases; at all events, reasonable speculation, based on any sufficiency of data, here abruptly ends. It must be confessed that no kind of physical inquiry has led us by experiment to the recognition of any agent constituting a part of the matter around us, to which the term æther, used as regards the æther we are treating of, can be applied. If such a body exists, it is beyond our estimation of all that is material: it has no weight according to our idea of weight, no resistance according to our idea of calculating resistance by mechanical tests; no volume, on our views of volume; no chemical activity, according to our experimental and absolute knowledge of chemical action; in plain terms, it presents no known reactivity by which it can be isolated from surrounding or intervening matter, which is known.

And yet, though all is so far negative to us, we are not without glimpses of the possible nature of a medium such as has been supposed; that is to say, if it exist at all, we may make an estimate of certain of its properties. It is indestructible, for one property, and unchangeable; by which we mean, that it cannot be assumed to enter into combination, and so to change its original type and character by combination like a common combining elementary gas. As a sequence to this view the æther must be considered as negative in character, permeating matter wheresoever it can gain entrance, and even perhaps adding to the bulk of matter, and communicating to it motion under external influence, but not combining with the parts of matter in any definite bond. Sensitive to all external mechanical influence, it must be susceptible of undulation to the highest degree, and, existing as matter, must take the gaseous type and represent that type in its most refined ideal; so as to evade in fact all our present means of determining it, as material, by experiment; and to be comprehensible only, when accepting for the argument's sake the undulatory theory of light we make a theoretical estimate of the undulations of light by the side of those of sound. Then truly we may admit, with Mr. Vaughan, that as the medium which conveys light, conveys it with nearly a million times the rapidity of sound, "such medium must have a modulus of elasticity, almost 1,000,000,000,000 as great as that of common air."

The reader will glean from these observations the immense difficulties which lie in the

way of demonstrating by physical means the presence of the æther of space. But it would be very false argument to condemn the theory of the existence of this æther on the ground of the difficulty of demonstration. We will illustrate this by a single observation. We will assume that it were revealed to us beyond contradiction, by some superior intelligence, that an æthereal medium, having, as Mr. Vaughan expresses it, "a modulus of elasticity 1,000,000,000,000 as great as common air" did exist around us; we will suppose that we were further informed that the gaseous medium thus presented resembled one of our recognized bodies, having negative properties,—say, for example, nitrogen. Even then, with all our appliances, we should at this moment fail in being able to make a single demonstration of the existence of such a medium. It would have to us, nor weight, nor volume, by which it could be distinguished, nor chemical agency, nor resistance that could be measured. Were we adventurous in science, we might declare a conviction that the æthereal medium was a body negative like nitrogen; in space refined; but in the neighbourhood of planets, within the sphere where the specific elasticity of air is equipoised by the force of gravity, more condensed, and more closely resembling a gas, but as yet inappreciable.

We come finally, and very briefly, to the last question suggested at the beginning of this paper. If there is an all-pervading æther, of what use is it? The answer here is less difficult to name than in the previous cases, but infinitely more prolonged if followed to its end. If there is an all-pervading æther, its uses are equally all-pervading, and are fitted rather to take description from the poet than the philosopher. We must not attempt the task, but leave it rather to the imagination to conceive,—how a subtle bond connecting sphere with sphere, man with man, and man with all that he sees and recognizes in the universe;—how a subtle matter, through which may be conveyed every touch, from the finger of the Supreme;—and how this all-penetrating agent, entering into man as matter, animates him into life, filling him with the transparency of existence, and clothing him with intelligence. These suggestions we must leave. They are philosophical visions, in which, if we travelled too far, all our harder and baser arguments might dissolve and disappear.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Mr. Thackeray has lashed with his bitterest irony the man who has lost his taste for sweets. What sweets are in the world of gastronomy, such is burlesque to the world behind the footlights; and the taste must have lost much of its freshness that can no longer delight in its extravagances. At any rate, no inconsiderable portion of London playgoers appear to be of this opinion; and while the sticklers for the legitimate drama, in order to listen to Shakespeare, penetrate the remotest wilds of Islington, unless they choose to hear him with a nasal twang in Oxford Street, or with a touch of travestie at the Haymarket; while the admirers of melodrama, now called "sensation," find Mr. Webster supplanted by Mr. Boucicault, and the star of the Victoria paling before that of the Adelphi; while strangers scarce know how to choose between the rival drollery of Buckstone or of Robson, a swarming crowd, thick as bees, occupy every available inch of the Strand Theatre, till its narrow limits seem almost bursting. Those lucky enough to get a seat inside, wipe their perspiring brows, scarce conscious how the seat they find so unpleasantly warm is envied by scores, who, returning disap-

pointed, find that even the potent talisman, money, or the well-known carpet-bag-like capacities of the theatre, are unable to accomplish their admission. And all this to see the new burlesque at the Strand, the attractions of which seem greater even than those of the singing-rooms, or, worst enemies of managers, the somersaults of Leotard or grimaces of Mackney. If the popular tradition, so rigidly kept alive, that the man who will perpetrate a pun will pick a pocket, be well grounded, or if there be any foundation for an assertion now pretty generally heard, that the man who makes one should be 'kicked out of society, it is difficult to conceive what punishment would reach to the height of the atrocities of Mr. H. J. Byron and the performers of the Strand Theatre. "Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat," is the title of the new piece; and it defies the ordinary canons of criticism, laughs at, and overleaps them: it blows with puns. The baffled audience has no breathing-time. Now it hails one that is palpable, with a simultaneous groan from some hundreds of mouths; now a few occasional cracks, at about the intervals between the shots of the file-firing of our yeomanry, show that a few, happier or quicker of apprehension, have caught one up that others struggled to catch, but before they can do so, another new, and seven times worse, chases it from their idea. The firing of the English archers at Cressy or Poitiers could scarcely be more galling than is that of this incessant volley of puns; and if it were not for the relief that the prettily-arranged ballet affords in the middle, it is doubtful whether it could be undergone. In every form and in every key they are showered upon you, till you feel as if, like hailstones, you could brush them off your clothes. They are whispered in your ear by the dulcet voices of Miss Buffon or Miss Josephs, roared at you with stentorian energy by Mr. Turner, sneered at you with Mephistophelian bitterness by Mr. Rogers, thrust into you with an accompanying punch in your mental ribs by Mr. Clark, or impressed upon your memory by the petulant accents of Miss Wilton. A piece so composed cannot be reviewed, nor will we attempt it. The plot is freely adapted from the well-known work of Victor Hugo. Mr. Rogers is *Claude Frollo*, Mr. Clark, *Quasimodo*, both admirably got up; the latter is a dreadful monster. Mr. Turner is *Clopin*, king of the beggars; Miss Josephs is *Esmeralda*, and her Goat, Mr. Danvers; Miss E. Buffon makes a handsome *Phœbe de Châteaufort*, and Miss Wilton is a charming scampish poet and vagabond, under the name of *Pierre Gringoire*. All act well; and if this is not the best burlesque we have seen, if we except those of Mr. Talford, we scarce know where, in recent productions, except in Mr. Byron's own works, to look for one so perfect.

OLYMPIC.

That the new serio-comic drama at the Olympic is a success, is owing in no respects to its intrinsic merit, but to the admirable manner in which it is put upon the stage, and the really excellent acting for which it affords scope. In itself, the events it contains are of the wildest improbability, and exact an uncompromising credulity upon the part of the audience. It is taken from the French, and named, not very felicitously, "Jack-of-all-Trades." Mr. Stapleton (Mr. J. W. Ray) is a partner in the house of Dalrymple, Stapleton, and Co., extensive East India merchants, of which the senior partner, Mr. Dalrymple, has recently died. He has by will bequeathed his entire property to his only son, *Fergus Dalrymple*, and there is an understood agreement by which the son is to marry *Violet* (Miss Florence Haydon), the beautiful and only daughter of *Stapleton*, thus keeping the money in the firm. In case of the death of the young man previous to his marriage, the property is divided among the nearest relatives, of whom one is *Jack Heartall*. This young gentleman is an ordinary stage younger brother, of the Congreve or Etherege stamp, gay, insouciant, handsome, and spendthrift, because he has, as he says, not enough to afford to be frugal upon; he is, moreover, in love with *Violet*, who, though scarcely knowing it, returns his affection. At the very moment, however, when *Fergus* is expected to return from India, Mr. Stapleton, who was to have accompanied him, returns alone, and confides to the audience his distress at a most untoward event, which threatens to mar all his long

indulged hopes and prospects. This is nothing less than the sudden death by drowning of *Fergus*. Owing to this, the property of course reverts to the relations, and *Stapleton*, who cannot afford to lose it out of the firm, is half wild at the thought of the consequences that will ensue. At this moment he sees *Toby Crank* (Mr. H. Neville), a young travelling tinker, who with his brother *Joe* (Mr. Horace Wigan) is making use in the house of one of the many varieties of mechanical knowledge, which justify him in calling himself a "Jack-of-all-Trades;" he is struck by the great resemblance that there is between him and the drowned *Fergus*. *Toby* is led on one side, and though naturally good-hearted, yet the promise of an allowance to his mother, whom he dearly loves, together with the hope of being a gentleman, after which he has always had a hankering, induce him to consent to personate *Fergus*, whose rumoured death is represented as an error. Well, the compact is made, and five years elapse, during which the Nemesis which properly attends all stage delinquencies, has been unjustifiably slumbering, and at the end of that period the second act opens. *Toby* or *Fergus* has spent the time in self-improvement, and is now a "very pretty fellow," well-educated, intelligent, and, with the exception of the one leading fault, honest. His marriage with *Violet* is all arranged, and that young lady, having put a restraint upon her passion for *Heartall*, consents to the match, upon which she sees her father is so very strongly bent. She relieves her distressed mind with occasional sighs, but her love-struck *Fergus* (as we must keep to one of his two names) fondly dreams they are but testimonies of her passion for him. He feels, however, the wrong he has done *Heartall*, who is now his bosom friend, and who, by the demise of the other relatives, has become sole heir to the great property which *Fergus* is enjoying. He pays his debts, but very properly feels that that is but very inadequate restitution. *Heartall* then saves the life of *Fergus*, and the latter points out to him the folly of the proceeding of saving a man who stands between you and wealth. The consequence of the pleasant little dialogue between them is, that each is more than ever impressed with the worth of the other. *Heartall* determines to leave for ever a house where his presence, as he knows, is, as regards *Violet*, a continual wrong to his friend; and the other, conscious of the greater wrong that he is inflicting, feels now more than ever its atrocity. A less pleasant conversation, however, awaits him. *Stapleton* finds out the secret of his daughter's love for *Heartall*, and now sees that were the false *Fergus* but out of the way, his daughter and he would both gain their ends, and he would lift from his shoulders the weight of the crime which it is obvious galls him a little, though he does not like to show it. He sounds *Fergus*, who takes some hints of his about withdrawing in no good part, and who, having his suspicions aroused, appeals to the lady and learns from her the true state of her affections. He is, of course, horribly mortified and distracted at the avowal she makes him, and is at first inclined to insist upon the marriage to mortify *Heartall*, whose conduct he now denounces in language which, in the mouth of the other and applied to him, would be tolerably justifiable. But here, with that sentimentalism on which our Gallic neighbours sets such store, domestic affection is brought into play. His brother *Joe*, on a wandering quest which is to carry him to India in search of the lost *Toby*, comes that way singing one of his old songs. The heart of *Fergus* throbs within him; he rushes to *Joe* and demands, with a bungling which to a more astute observer entirely betrays the secret, to know news of his mother; he learns she is pining for him. His resolve is fixed. He owes to *Joe* that he is his lost relative; they embrace; he writes a letter to *Mr. Stapleton* informing him of his own intended suicide, and, dressing himself in the old clothes of his vagrant days, and assuming his old accents, he delivers his own letter. A gun is at that moment fired by *Joe*, and poor *Fergus*, now *Toby*, has to console himself for the loss of property and wife by the not very cheerful solace that his friend and his intended wife are somewhat discomposed at the idea of his sudden and violent death. As a conclusion, he moralizes a little in praise of honesty, though the moral in the plot is a little one-sided,

the less guilty *Toby* having to bear all the punishment, while the deceiver of the plot reaps nothing but benefit. We suppose his turn on the wheel was to follow.

The acting was good. Mr. Neville was very effective in his double character; that part which is most difficult to fill, namely the gentleman, being that in which he appeared to the greatest advantage. In the comic department he had to undergo a comparison, which must be to his disadvantage, with Mr. H. Wigan, whose make-up as *Joe Crank* was truly wonderful, and whose acting, though the character was not one of great importance, was perfect. Mr. Ray was good as *Mr. Stapleton*; and both Miss Haydon and Mr. Gordon were "up to" their parts as *Violet* and her lover. The scene of the outside of *Mr. Stapleton's* house, in the second act, was of its kind as fine a stage-effect as we have ever witnessed. We would suggest that in the first act, the ladies and gentlemen who are introduced to give more effect to the grand tableau, with which it concludes, of the introduction of the supposed *Fergus*, should be arranged a little less stiffly, and so as to look a little less like dummies.

PLAYMARKET.

Mr. Booth's performance of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's play of "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," contrasts very favourably with that of *Shylock*, which we noticed in our last number. The character of *Overreach*, though one of the finest and hardest of our early drama, is one in which the violence characteristic of Mr. Booth's action is infinitely more in keeping than it is in that of the Jew of Venice. In many respects there is a similarity between the two; both are usurers, and both, in the pursuit of gain, thrust aside or trample upon all human sympathies or emotions; but in *Shylock's* avarice is not always the ruling passion, and sometimes it becomes a mere tool in the hands of his burning and concentrated hate for those who have insulted his race and assisted to keep them in a state of degradation, as well as interfered with the sources of his wealth. With *Overreach*, on the contrary, there are none of these conflicting passions which alternately convulse the whole being of the Jew. He is, as he is characterized in the play, a compound of the lion and the fox. His life has been dedicated to one purpose, that of elevating himself in rank and wealth; and before that motive all human ties are set aside, and all the concentrated energies of his nature are bent to the task. He is, in truth, as brave as a lion and as cunning as a fox; and all men whom he permits to approach him he converts either into his instruments or his prey; if unfit for either, he overlooks their existence, despises with reckless hardness their censures, or spurns them from him as mere obstacles in his onward path. To win his ends he descends to a mock humility in the presence of those whom he would conciliate in order to despoil; but the part suits him ill, and his violence breaks continually through the restraints he has imposed upon it. His love for his daughter is in keeping with the rest of his character: he values her simply so long as through her he sees a prospect of his own advancement; but when his ambitious views are thwarted by her marriage with *Alwhorth*, we would kill her without remorse. This character is finely represented by Mr. Booth, and is one which suits him. There is in the entire play a tremendous energy, in which Massinger may boldly stand comparison with all save the greatest of his great rivals. In poetry, although he is sometimes, and not often, poetical, he must yield the palm to a score of writers of that epoch; but in that rugged force which is so characteristic of the literature of his day, he may hold his own; sometimes with a hardness which tamer writers of succeeding days know nothing of, it overlaps the bounds of taste, or of propriety, and assumes a "Cambyses vein," which, in less worthy hands, would become turgid; but its immense earnestness saves it, and we do not even feel when we hear it that it verges on bombast. Throughout the earlier scenes, in which the course of the usurer is one triumph, Mr. Booth scarcely came up to our hopes, but in the last act he surpassed our expectations. The rage and mortification of his baffled hopes concerning his nephew, his bewilderment at the blank paper which is all that remains of the deed securing to him all the property now

lost, of which he had despoiled him, the consolation he finds in the thought that his daughter is now married and is "right honourable," and the despair which overwhelms him when he finds that even in this, his last hope, he has been befooled and deceived—these were powerfully brought forth. The crowning point of all, however, was his death. In tragedy there are few scenes finer or more strikingly original than this. A modern dramatist would have made him commit suicide, but here the passions which overwhelm him are too powerful for this cowardly escape: no word, no sign of relenting escape him; but in the full tide of his madness of defeat, the overworked brain and muscles alike fail him, and the sword falls from an arm nerveless now through paralysis. Then, and then only, the thought of his past life occurs; and he shudderingly avers that orphans' tears and widows' curses weigh down his arm. All these emotions are strongly depicted, and the startling effect of the strong man arrested in his full tide of life by the avenging shock has seldom been more impressively rendered. The other parts were more or less well sustained. Mr. Howe was Lord Lovell, and Mr. Farren Wellborn. Mr. Villiers, as *Alwhorth*, delivered the passages allotted to him, which comprise the most poetical in the play, impressively. Mr. Chippendale was a good *Justice Greedy*, and Mrs. Wilkins very effective as *Lady Alwhorth*. More may be said of Mr. Compton's *Marshall*: in every respect this was one of the most admirable delineations we have ever witnessed. The character in his hands becomes of primary importance, and the applause of the audience was as warm as that it bestowed upon the more pretentious assumption of Mr. Booth. The piece was well received, and Mr. Booth received a hearty call at the close of the performance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The annual meeting of the Académie des Beaux Arts is held this day in Paris, instead of, as usual, the first Saturday in October. M. Rebes presides. The meeting will be opened by the performance of an instrumental piece by M. Bizet, pupil of M. Halévy. The prize cantata of M. Dubois will be sung, and the meeting will afterwards listen to an address from M. Simart, perpetual secretary.

It is rumoured that a piece in one act, entitled "Jocrisse," of which the words are by MM. Cormon and Trianon, and the music of M. Eugène Gautier, will be produced at the Opéra Comique. The Théâtre Italien has gone out of the beaten track to make a selection for its opening night, the first performance consisting of Cimarosa's opera, "Il Mitrionio Segreto." Our readers may be interested to know that this, the greatest work of the eminent Neapolitan composer, has now held possession of the stage for seventy years. It was first produced at Vienna before the Emperor Leopold, in the year 1791, and so great was his enthusiasm on hearing it that he ordered an *encore* of the entire opera as soon as the performers had time to have their supper. The reception at Paris of this revival does not, however, seem to have been very encouraging. The feminine rôles were well filled by Mme. Albani, as *Fidatina*, and Mme. Penco and Mlle. Battu as the sisters *Carolina* and *Elietta*. The masculine rôles were not equally well supported. Zucchini was *Don Geronimo*, Badiali *Il Conte Robinsone*, and Belard *Paolino*.

A new *débütante* has appeared at the Opéra Comique, in the person of Mlle. Marie Cico, sister of the well-known actress of the Palais Royal. Her first appearance was in the character of *Athenais de Soulanges*, in "Les Mousquetaires de la Reine." A little timidity apart, her *début* was favourable, and her appearance is spoken of as prepossessing, and her action graceful.

The French opera companies are almost reduced to stagnation by the illness which appears almost epidemical among the singers. Three further retirements on that account are announced this week, Mme. Ugalde and MM. Faure and Michot.

M. Calzado is said to have secured for the Théâtre Italien a young American lady, who has been educated in Italy, and for whom he anticipates a distinguished success.

A new three-act comedy, entitled "La Frileuse," which is announced as the production of *feu M. Debersey*, has been brought out at the Vaudeville. Under this name is concealed that of the late M. Serbie, of which it is almost an anagram.

Mr. Howard Glover's opera of "Ruy Blas," we have already announced, is to be produced at Covent Garden on the 21st instant. The principal rôles are as follows:—*Anne of Neuberg, Queen of Spain*, Miss Louisa Pyne; *Duchess d'Albuquerque*, Miss Susan Pyne; *Casilda Favoute*, Maid of honour to the Queen, Miss Thirwall; *Oscar*, Page to the Queen, Miss Jessie McLean, her first appearance on an English stage; *Ruy Blas*, Mr. W. Harrison; *Don Sallust de Bazan*, Mr. Santley; *Don César de Bazan*, Mr. A. St. Albyn; and *Gudiel*, Don Sallust's secret agent, Mr. Patey.

Among the musical rumours current, we hear that Rossini has at length consented to give to the world his last production, "Titan," which, originally written for a bass voice, he has now arranged for a full orchestra. A new opera by Verdi is also spoken of.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry will resume their performances at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, on Wednesday next. The two entertainments, "Our Card Basket" and "The Two Rival Composers," which were so successful during the last season, are retained in the programme; but considerable additions and alterations have been made both in the music and in the sketches of personal characteristics, which constitute so amusing a portion of the performance.

Mr. W. S. Woodin has been performing at Brighton, with marked success, the "Cabinet of Curiosities," which was so well received in London during the past season. In Brighton, however, the popularity of this performance appears to pass all bounds, and numbers of would-be listeners are turned nightly from the doors.

The veterans of the stage are rapidly disappearing. Last week the death of Mr. Farren was announced, and this week Mr. Vandenhoff has also died, at the age of seventy-two years. In addition to the reputation which Mr. Vandenhoff acquired as a tragedian, he has left behind him a volume of theatrical gossip, which contains much curious and interesting information concerning the stage and its occupants during the past half-century.

Our readers, at any rate the metropolitan portion of them, will doubtless have been surprised by seeing the advertisements of a single performance of Italian Opera at the Lyceum Theatre, which is to take place on Saturday, the 19th inst. The piece selected is "Il Trovatore," and the cast will comprise Mmes. Titiens and Caradori, Signori Giuglini, Bossi, and Ferri, this being the first appearance in this country of the gentleman last named. The conductor is Signor Arlotti. We fancy that the reason of this single operatic performance coming in between the dramatic performances of Mr. Falconer's company at the Lyceum, arises from the fact that the arrangement for this one evening had been entered into and the theatre taken previous to Mr. Falconer's engagement of it for the extended period for which he now holds possession. Possibly, too, this performance was advertised with some contingency of an entire winter season of Italian Opera.

THE NEWSPAPER RACE.

A rough and ready estimate of the practical working of the remission of the paper duty is afforded by a notice published in a weekly contemporary, namely, that "the greatest saving to be effected amounts scarcely to a farthing on each copy sold; and that, therefore, any reduction of its selling price could only have been attempted in a speculative spirit, foreign to its character;" at the same time the proprietors have availed themselves of the present opportunity to improve the quality of the paper, and otherwise supply a better article. This candid statement, perhaps, contains more truth than most others on the subject, and the public may well inquire how it is that several newspapers have been able to make a reduction, in most instances, of a penny, and in

some others of twopence on each number. The answer is easily found, in the one fact that a race has been commenced by rival proprietors to obtain the largest numerical circulation. Already the daily newspaper offices have been fitted up with new rotary machines, capable of printing off 100,000 by an early hour in the morning, whilst the weekly penny journals, to supply an enormous demand, are tasking the resources of their establishments to issue nearly 500,000 copies. The *Weekly Times* states its circulation to be 577,000, and the *Penny Newsman* and *Lloyd's News* make similar announcements of their large circulation. And yet, it is not because the paper duty has been remitted that these journals are sold at a penny. Clearly, a merchant who buys in a cheaper market at one farthing in the lb. cannot be justified in reducing the price of his wares four farthings. It is because the name and influence of any paper circulating the greatest number of copies is supposed to attract the greatest number of advertisements to its columns; and it is this position for which the race is being run, with a speed and fury that distances the feat of *Deerfoot*, who has just run his twelve miles in an hour and five minutes. Now, so long as any one, we may even say two or three, organs, circulated by tens of thousands, some five times more copies than their contemporaries, it is plain to business men that an advertisement in these journals were of a certain business value, and accordingly they were supported, while the public had the advantage of getting for a penny, its value in paper and print, and all the news and brainwork for nothing. This argument, however, will not stand, when, as appears likely, a legion of journals may boast of their 500,000 readers, and we pause and inquire, as advertisers too will pause and inquire, which two or three papers out of the many are to be elected as the best advertisement sheets. For the rest of the journals which by superhuman efforts have been brought up to the 500,000 standard number, even that large circulation, without the support of the advertisers (who cannot give their orders to all), being without healthy vitality, must ultimately collapse, and yield to the one or two names which chance or caprice shall favour. As soon as this problem is solved, the trade will recommence its efforts on a sounder basis, and at a higher, yet reasonable, price.

MISCELLANEA.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett announce the following in their list of new works in preparation:—*The Life and Correspondence of Admiral Sir Charles Napier*, by Major-General E. Napier; *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*, by Walter Thornbury; *The Private Diary of Richard, Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, K.G.*; *The Life of the Rev. Edward Irving*, by Mrs. Oliphant; *French Women of Letters*, by Miss Kavanagh; *The Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne*, illustrated from the Papers at Kimbolton, edited by the Duke of Manchester; *A New Book of Travels*, by Fredrika Bremer, translated by Mary Howitt; *Twenty-five Years' Musical Recollections*, by Henry F. Chorley; *Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon III.*, edited by Lascelles Wrexall; *The Home at Rosefield*, by Edward Copping. And also new novels by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the Author of *Margaret Maitland*, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Grey, and the Rev. J. M. Bellevue.

Public Opinion, the promised weekly twopenny sheet, has appeared, and the reader will find, on good paper, well printed, EXTRACTS from the *Times*, *Telegraph*, *German*, *French*, and other journals, on the various subjects that engross public attention. *Public Opinion* is the *Statesman* resuscitated.

A new work is in preparation by the author of *The Origin of Species*, of which it may probably be considered the sequel. It is called *On the Fertilization of British Orchids by means of Insects*.

A small but artistic fountain, of yellow stone, has been placed in the Temple, and much improves the celebrated Jet of Garden Court.

After the model of the South Kensington Museum, a School of Science has been founded in Liverpool, the scheme being promoted by several wealthy and learned residents. The inauguration by the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Fairbairn, and others, took place on Thursday.

Turner's pictures, numbering a hundred and twenty-five, exclusive of drawings, have this week been removed to the National Gallery from Kensington. The Gallery still remains closed during the alterations in progress.

The visitor to Versailles looks on the painted glories of many a French hero, whose exploits are portrayed on yards of canvas. Hardly anything of the kind can be seen in English galleries; but it appears that whilst preparing Marlborough House for the Prince of Wales, the workmen have discovered on the walls of the grand staircase a series of pictures, under Gothic coats of paint and paper-hangings, illustrating the campaigns of the famous English General, and which are not without historical value; whether they possess any as works of art, is to be seen.

A few numbers have appeared of a novel publication, very interesting to professional musicians, and not a few amateurs. It is called *The Brass Band Journal*, containing selections of the most useful and popular music, instrumented for a band.

The City of London College has this week been inaugurated by the Lord Mayor, at the Sussex Hall, in Leadenhall Street, where, for some time past, the Metropolitan Evening Classes for Young Men have been conducted. It may be hoped, with a change of name and a new constitution, the "City of London College" will meet with a larger measure of success than the Classes did, and for which pecuniary appeals were constantly being made on the public, who declined to contribute, probably from a mistrust of the system of management, which was in the hands of two or three persons. Properly conducted, the College has now every chance of becoming a most useful City Institution.

The Chevalier de Chatelain has forwarded us for insertion the following translation of some verses of Mr. Aubrey de Vere, whose works we noticed in our last number:—

CHAUCEUR.

Traduit de l'Anglais d'Aubrey de Vere.

De la cité laissant l'éclat et la fumée,
Il est doux—les oiseaux chantant encore en chœur,
De respirer le frais de la campagne aimée,
Et le parfum des champs qui vous va droit au cœur.

Tel il est le soulas qui pénètre en notre âme
Quand laissant là les vers des poètes du jour,
Nous allons de Chaucer nous chauffer à la flamme,
Au printemps de ses chants tout imprégnés d'amour.

La camaraderie est un monde éphémère,
Les vers produits par elle ont pour durée un jour;
C'est du bon sens callié,—c'est de la joie amère,
C'est de l'orgueil qui bat, mais à faux, le tambour.

Son chant à lui c'était le festin de l'idée,
Moine et franc-tenancier s'y prélassaient joyeux,
Sa table ronde avait la gaité d'Asmodée,
Et Shakespeare et Spenser y trônaient à tous deux.

Son Angleterre avait la bouche souriante,
L'existence à ses yeux rosée et couleur d'or
Avait le bout en train, la chaleur envoiante
Du chasseur, sur le cerf lorsqu'il donne du cor.

Edouard et ses tournois, aussi la cour de Blanche,
Leurs clairons et leurs luths revivent dans ses vers;
Mais il aimait bien mieux écouter sous la branche
Du chêne de Woodstock, des oiseaux les concerts.

Le cloître et ses arceaux, des grands combats la scène,
Dans l'hôtel du Tabard, les cris des bons bourgeois,
L'ambassade pompeuse, et les chants de sirène
De Pétrarque, c'était pour lui la fleur des poésies.

Quand le jeune bosquet reprend son vert feuillage,
Que le ruisseau joyeux court promener ses chants,
Que le mauvais pimpant requinque son plumage,
Alors il se Chaucer—Chaucer c'est le printemps.

Par les longs et penants saules du mois de Novembre,
Quand sous un ciel de plomb coulent les noirs ruisseaux,
Quand des forêts le sol a pris sa couleur d'ombre
Et que le vent rageur met la feuille en lambeaux.

Lisez encore Chaucer!—Dans son çà videcoom
Où le lierre en relief frôle les chevaliers,
Les faunes et les saints, le paganisme et Rome,
Se cache le printemps et le chant des haliers.

THE ART-JOURNAL:

A RECORD OF THE FINE ARTS, THE ARTS INDUSTRIAL, AND THE ARTS OF
DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE.

UNDER THE EDITORIAL SUPERINTENDENCE OF S. C. HALL, ESQ., F.S.A., &c.

MONTHLY, PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.

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